

# The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

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## News of the Week.

THE overpowering event of the week, is the sudden, and — to the impatience of a nation's sorrow—even premature removal of Wellington from the busy world of his conflicts, his counsels, and his glories. His death at Walmer Castle, on Tuesday afternoon, had the effect of a surprise; although his rapidly failing health had long been noted by the watchful jealousy of public affection. It is not one year alone in which his evident decline had been the subject of anxiety: it had, we believe, been apprehended, more than once, that he might drop the massive sword of state in one of those ceremonies which he attended with the unfailing fidelity that found nothing trivial in duty; and those who have come near him in official relations, had observed a heaviness and lassitude, as of sleep resisted, but inevitable, persuading gently to the last well won repose. Still the actual hour of his departure was somewhat sudden, and it had not been broken to the national solicitude by any special premonitory intelligence. Although the great Duke had ceased to take part in working politics, his firm and faithful counsel had proved available on many occasions, even down to the latter part of last session; and his very lofty and exceptional position had enabled him to justify, with an increasing moral authority, the confidence in his ever honest and impartial arbitration. On these grounds, far more than on those of his past political successes, or even of his monumental victories, all sections of opinion had come to regard him with veneration; and the announcement of his death is accompanied, throughout the land, by an unanimous burst of mourning from the nation's very heart of hearts.

The Chief who had filled so conspicuous a place in the gaze of Europe, expired in almost the solitude common to extreme old age. In rugged old Walmer Castle, stern and simple as the man, almost in sight of his ancient foe, and rocked as it were by that sea whose every murmur is a pean to England, our Hero sinks to sleep. A younger son and that son's wife were the only near and dear friends by his side to close his eyes and catch his latest breath. The heir to the title was travelling in Germany, and even his address was not known, when the woeful message was to be

despatched. It is our consolation that, by a death so timely, reverently interceding (as it were) with a decay so lingering and so calm, Wellington has escaped that *living* dissolution, pity for which is scarcely exempt from shame: in this regard more happy, as in all more pure than Marlborough: but we do not pardon Death, however painless, that *sudden* silence of lips, whose parting accents, prophetic as the grave, and solemn as the Life beyond, might have exhorted national union, in the message of a patriot hero, and even have strengthened our faltering counsels with the wisdom of an Immortal.

By the Duke's death, two immediate public consequences ensue—it is necessary to provide a new Commander-in-Chief, and a considerable amount of patronage is thrown into the hands of the Derby Cabinet. Perhaps the windfall is a small compensation for the heavy responsibility. The many offices which the Duke held, with the consent and approbation of all, the orders he had won so bravely, and the honours he wore so well, may be valuable to distribute amongst political friends and personal adherents. But the Derby Cabinet is in this position, that the friends who are disposed to serve it are already pledged; and that others not so pledged will scarcely be bought, even by ribands, for so precarious a service as that of the present Ministry. Hence, valuable as it is, the patronage falling in by the death of the Duke is not so valuable as it would be to any other Government. On the other hand, the choice of a Commander-in-Chief has become so important, that mere party considerations can scarcely prevail. The influence of the Court, we are anxious to believe, could not over-ride important public considerations; but if the Cabinet should be called upon to make a selection under supreme authority, it could only escape from that compulsion by making its own selection on public and national grounds; and it has been expected that even the renegade Protectionist party will not venture to bend to any more questionable influence.

In the presence of death, the ordinary politics appear more than commonly flat and unprofitable; although at any other time, the speech delivered by Mr. Robert Lowe, at Kidderminster, might have attracted no small share of attention. He handled the topics of the day with considerable power. In the old council at Sydney he proved a capacity for grappling public affairs with vigour,

with practical ability, and with an eloquence calculated to win assent; and at Kidderminster he showed that his powers rise with the extension of their field and the magnitude of their responsibility. Hitherto he has been known to the British public chiefly through vigorous public writing, scarcely anonymous, in the foremost ranks of English journalism, on the subjects, we believe, of Colonial affairs and Law Reform; it is expected that in Parliament he will principally distinguish himself in the advocacy of Law Reform; but two other subjects on which he spoke with much force possess a more general interest. He foresees a continuance, if not an increase, to the vast emigration which is already making its effects felt in the labour-market of this country, and he warns employers that they will have to readjust their relations with the labouring class. He also warns Lord Derby's Government that no set of men can check the progress of Democracy, if Democracy should take possession of the public conviction. This straightforward speaking is necessary at a time when we seem to be approaching great events.

For the "war of principles" is advancing with giant strides, which Canning could scarcely foresee, and England may before long be called upon to make her choice of one of the extremes, unless, at the eleventh hour, by positive and energetic action, she can make good her stand in "the golden mean." While Mr. Robert Lowe is talking Democracy *in posse* to a company of English gentlemen and electors, an active emigration is going on, not only from California, but from New York, for the Australian diggings, and, like Texas, Australia will soon have its regular supply of recruits from the Union. The fishermen of British North America are protesting against the settlement of the dispute in which they are interested, and are doing their best to prevent the British Government from hushing it up with the Government at Washington. It seems probable that, at no distant day, England may be asked whether she intends to be Democratic or not; an awkward question to be put to any Downing-street Ministry by Colonists and Americans in alliance.

To this subject belongs the demonstration of General Cass at New York, on behalf of Pierce and King. The manner of the Democratic "old fog" may seem eccentric to our more decorous notions; we can hardly attach any idea of influence to a man who takes off his coat, and then his

waistcoat, in the warm work of public speaking; but Cass *does* utter the feeling of immense numbers among his countrymen. It is an important political fact, therefore, that when advocating the cause of Franklin Pierce, General Cass advocates the cause of *American Intervention in Europe!* That idea is already on the march, and it marches bravely.

Elsewhere we have noticed the threat of war-like invasion from another side. While Wellington was expiring at Walmer, the people of Paris were reading in the *Constitutionnel* a threat of invading England. And about the same time, *La Nation*, of Brussels, was reporting that there is a plan of the kind in discussion at the Elysée. These almost simultaneous events are likely enough to make the English public attend a little more to the subject, and to recognise the fact that, however mad, such a project is not absolutely impossible. Napoleon and Wellington were studying military science simultaneously at Brienne and Angers; both have lived, conquered, and died; England has almost outlived her pride in Waterloo, France has not outlived her chagrin; Wellington is succeeded by a Marquis of Douro, Napoleon is succeeded by a Louis Napoleon; and in the meanwhile Lord Carlisle is lecturing at Morpeth on English literature.

Yes, that is an important fact. Lord Carlisle is an admirable example to his order; and if the House of Lords were a College of Preceptors, he would be among its most distinguished professors. English literature has been, is, and long will be, a great power in the world; but just now that press which has no literature at all except what the audacity of Emile de Girardin can thrust through the curtain of the Censure, claims more attention than the finest of poems or treatises. And the House of Lords ought to be something more than a College of Preceptors.

Writing as we do this week under the very shadow of our great national bereavement, we turn with sickening and disgust to that capering, false-hearted, cruel charlatan, under whose auspices France is content to dance in chains. Louis Bonaparte has set off on his month's tour to the south to test the population. The enthusiasm that is to greet him is despatched from Paris at so much per ton, ready made. Flags, illuminations, fireworks, all is sent from Paris: that city which, having taught revolution, is now to teach enslavement.

The deadly-pictured satire in *Punch*, which represents a railway train as fitted up with a travelling surgery, and an undertaker tendering his card to a passenger, befits the week, eventful in the casualties of the rail. Our postscript of last Saturday reported the unexplained accident on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, in which a train, rushing on to a curved embankment at a rapid rate, sends its engine down one side, and its carriages down the other. Surmises that the line was not sound were contradicted by some witnesses, and were not affirmed by the jury at the inquest. On the Exeter and Bristol line a train dashes down an incline at Creech, to pass under the Chard canal bridge and up the opposite incline: after crossing the builded foundation under the canal, it begins to dance on the soft clay of the bank, an axle-tree is broken, and the driver is killed. At Leighton, on the North-Western, Reynolds, the driver of an express, responds to the flag of "caution," by that gesture of the ancient Egyptians which the *gamins* of London call "taking a sight," dashes into the assistant engine, which has been helping him up an incline, and could not find time to get out of the way of his headlong career, and he—type of railway management—is killed. Another assistant engine has been helping a train, near Leighton, on the same line, and is dashed by it across the rail; and if no one was hurt, it was not the fault of the railway methods. *Punch* caricatures, not the recklessness, but the providence of railway managers.

## THE DEATH OF THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

HE, whom men have been accustomed to call the Duke for upwards of a quarter of a century; he who rivetted British power in India, who routed Napoleon's Marshals in Spain, and who finally routed Napoleon himself at Waterloo, has at length succumbed to death; and all England with one mighty heart mourns his loss. On Tuesday afternoon, after a succession of convulsions, the Great Man died at Walmer Castle.

Arthur Wesley, for such was his original name, was born in Ireland, in 1769, whether in Dublin or at his father's country seat, Dangan Castle, Meath, is not known; neither is the day of his birth at all certain: biographers name the 1st of May, but the Duke of Wellington kept it on the 18th of June. His father was the Earl of Mornington, of musical fame; and his family was descended from the Colley's or Cowley's, originally from Rutlandshire, one of whom was adopted by a Mr. Wesley, owner of Dangan Castle, Meath, from whom Arthur descended. His father died in 1781, and Anne, Countess of Mornington, daughter of Viscount Dungannon, was left with a numerous family. Arthur was first sent to Eton, thence to a school at Brighton, and finally to the military school at Angers, in France, where he studied for six years under Pigneron, of engineering fame. On the 7th of March, 1787, Arthur Wellesley, being in his 18th year, became ensign of the 73rd Foot. His promotion was accordingly rapid, but not more so in its first steps than in examples visible at the present day, and much less so than in the case of some of his contemporaries. He remained a subaltern four years and three months, at the expiration of which period of service he received his captaincy. The honour of having trained the Duke of Wellington would be highly regarded in the traditions of any particular corps, but so numerous and rapid were his exchanges at this period that the distinction can hardly be claimed by any of the regiments on the rolls of which he was temporarily borne. He entered the army, as we have said, in the 73rd, but in the same year he moved, as lieutenant, to the 76th, and within the next 18 months was transferred, still in a subaltern's capacity, to the 41st foot and the 12th Light Dragoons, successively. On the 30th of June, 1791, he was promoted to a captaincy in the 58th, from which corps he exchanged into the 18th Light Dragoons in the October of the following year. At length, on the 30th of April, 1793, he obtained his majority in the 33rd, and in September he was made lieutenant-colonel. But he had meanwhile been acting as aide-de-camp to the Earl of Westmoreland, Viceroy of Ireland; and serving in the Irish Parliament, to which he was sent in 1790, by the family borough of Trim.

At length, however, he was ordered on active service, and embarked with the 33rd, for the Low Countries, in May, 1794. The first military operation performed by the conqueror of Waterloo was the evacuation of a town in the face of the enemy. The 33rd had been landed at Ostend; but when Lord Moira, who had the chief command of the reinforcements sent out, arrived at that port with the main body, he saw reason for promptly withdrawing the garrison and abandoning the place. Orders were issued accordingly, and though the *Republicans*, under Pichegru, were at the gates of the town before the English had quitted it, the 33rd was safely embarked. Lord Moira by a flank march effected a timely junction with the Duke of York at Malines. Colonel Wellesley took his corps round by the Scheldt, and landed at Antwerp, whence he moved without delay to the head-quarters of the Duke. This was in July, 1794. The operations which followed, and which terminated in the following spring with the re-embarkation of the British troops at Bremerlebe, a town at the mouth of the Weser, constituted Arthur Wellesley's first campaign. The 33rd returned to England, reposed a few months, and set sail again in the autumn of 1796, for Calcutta, where the regiment and its colonel arrived in February, 1797. Soon after the Earl of Mornington, the brother of Colonel Wellesley, arrived in Calcutta, as Governor-General. Colonel Wellesley was now a prominent officer. When Tippoo, the Sultan of Mysore, threatened the English possessions, Colonel Wellesley was entrusted by General Harris with the task of organizing and drilling the Madras contingent destined to act against Tippoo. The

army of the Mysore chieftain amounted to 70,000 men, that of the British only to about 50,000, but these were highly disciplined and effective. The result of the campaign was the famous siege and capture of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo. It was here that Wellington is said to have met with his only "failure," and it was here that he wrote the first of his published despatches.

There was a "tope," or grove, which was an important post; and Wellesley was ordered to take it with the 33rd, and a native battalion, who was to be supported by another detachment of similar strength under Colonel Shawe. This was the famous affair of which so much has been said, and which, with such various colourings, has been described as the first service of Arthur, Duke of Wellington. On receiving the order, Colonel Wellesley addressed to his commander the following note:—

"TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL HARRIS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

"Camp, 5th April, 1799.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I do not know where you mean the post to be established, and I shall therefore be obliged to you if you will do me the favour to meet me this afternoon in front of the lines and show it to me. In the meantime I will order my battalions to be in readiness.

"Upon looking at the tope as I came in just now, it appeared to me that when you get possession of the bank of the nullah, you have the tope as a matter of course, as the latter is in the rear of the former. However, you are the best judge, and I shall be ready.

"I am, my dear sir, your most faithful servant,  
"ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

This letter has been often appealed to as evidence of that brevity, perspicacity, and decision afterwards recognised as such notable characteristics of the great Duke's style. Without stopping to challenge the criticism, we would rather point to it as signally exemplifying the change which had taken place in the young colonel's official position since we last saw him in the Dutch campaign. Instead of simply conducting a regiment, we now find him, though still only a colonel, in command of a powerful division of an army, influencing the character of its operations, corresponding on terms of freedom with the general-in-chief, and preserving his despatches for the edification of posterity. Reserving, however, any further comment on these circumstances, we must now state that the attack in question was a failure. Bewildered in the darkness of the night, and entangled in the difficulties of the tope, the assaulting parties were thrown into confusion, and, although Shawe was enabled to report himself in possession of the post assigned to him, Colonel Wellesley was compelled, as the general records in his private diary, to come, "in a good deal of agitation, to say he had not carried the tope." When daylight broke, the attack was renewed with instantaneous success, showing at once what had been the nature of the obstacles on the previous night; but the affair has been frequently quoted as Wellington's "only failure," and the particulars of the occurrence were turned to some account in the jealousies and scandals from which no camp is wholly free. The reader will at once perceive that the circumstances suggest no discussion whatever. A night attack, by the most natural of results, failed of its object, and was successfully executed the next morning as soon as the troops discovered the nature of their duties.

After the capture of the place, Colonel Wellesley was appointed both commander-in-chief and civil governor of Mysore. His next adventure was the defeat of a robber chief, named Dhoondiah Waugh, who had gathered great forces, and assumed the title of "King of the Two Worlds." This was Wellesley's first campaign. For several weeks Dhoondiah, by doubling and countermarching, succeeded in eluding his pursuers, and it seemed doubtful how long the expedition might be protracted, when Colonel Wellesley received an offer from a native to terminate the whole business by a stroke of a poniard. His reply was as follows:—"To offer a public reward by proclamation for a man's life, and to make a secret bargain to have it taken away, are two different things; the one is to be done; the other, in my opinion, cannot, by an officer at the head of his troops." The contest was continued, therefore, on even terms. More than once did the British commander succeed in driving his adversary into a position from which there appeared no escape, but as often did the wily freebooter defeat the imperfect vigilance of our allies, or avail himself of some unforeseen opportunity for eluding his pursuers. At length, on the 10th of September, 1800, after two months of a campaign in which he had extemporized from his own resources all the means of the commissariat and engineer department, and had subsisted his army almost by his own skill, Colonel Wellesley came upon the camp of his enemy. Though the whole force with him at that moment consisted but of four regiments of cavalry, harassed and over-worked by constant marching, he at once "made a dash" at his prey, and put his army to the rout by a



single charge, in encountering which Dhoondiah fell. The corpse of "his Majesty" being recognised, was lashed to a galloper gun and carried back to the British camp, but a certain item of the spoil deserves more particular mention. Among the baggage was found a boy about four years old, who proved to be the favourite son of Dhoondiah. Colonel Wellesley took charge of the child himself, carried him to his own tent, protected him through his boyhood, and, on quitting India, left a sum of money in the hands of a friend to be applied to his use.

Colonel Wellesley was next stationed at Trincomalee in Ceylon, and was to have commanded an expeditionary force sent to take the French in Egypt in the rear; but ultimately General Baird was appointed, and Colonel Wellesley returned to Mysore. Shortly after the famous Mahratta war broke out, and General Wellesley was invested with full powers to commence active operations against the Mahratta forces in the Deccan. The force at his command for these purposes consisted of about 10,000 men of all arms, Europeans and natives, including the 19th Dragoons and 74th Regiment of Foot. He had desired that his old corps, the 33rd, should be attached to his division, but circumstances prevented the arrangement. The duty of co-operating with his movements devolved on Colonel Stevenson, an excellent officer, who commanded for this purpose the subsidiary force of the Nizam, which, by the addition of the 94th Regiment, had been raised to about the same strength as General Wellesley's division. The plan of the campaign was novel and masterly. Selecting a season when the rivers were not fordable, he turned this feature of the country to the advantage of the British by preparing boats and pontoons, with which he knew the enemy would be unprovided. His despatches contain the most minute instructions for the fabrication of these bridges and boats, for the establishment of particular ferries, and for their protection by proper guards. Aware that a native army relied on the superior rapidity of its movements, he had been indefatigable in improving the breed of draught-bullocks by the aid of Tippoo's famous stock; and he had resolved, when occasion came, to discard the traditional rules of marching and halting. The forts, he observed, were strong enough, if well defended, to give serious trouble, and too numerous to be besieged in form. He gave orders, therefore, by way of conveying an adequate idea of British prowess, that one or two of them should be carried by simple escalade, and that an example should be made of the garrison in case of any desperate resistance. These tactics were completely successful. A Mahratta chief wrote to his friend as follows:—"Those English are a strange people, and their general a wonderful man. They came in here this morning, looked at the Pettah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. Who can withstand them?" The result was that the strongest forts in the country were afterwards taken with little or no loss of life on either side. Having dropped all negotiations, he compelled the Mahratta chiefs to unmask their intentions and endeavoured to bring them to a decisive battle.

After some wearisome manoeuvres he at length learnt that the enemy was on the north bank of the Godavary, meditating a swoop on Hyderabad. "If the river," he now wrote, "does not become fordable six weeks sooner than usual, I hope to strike a blow against their myriads of horse in a few days." This was on the 30th of August. On the 21st of September, having received more particular information, he concerted measures with Colonel Stevenson that one should take a western route and the other an eastern, and both fall together from opposite quarters on the enemy's camp early on the 24th. The next day the two divisions diverged accordingly, and pursued their respective routes, when on the 23rd General Wellesley learnt from his spies that the Mahratta cavalry had moved off, but that the infantry were still encamped at about six miles distance. Pushing on with his dragoons, he presently descried not only the infantry, but the entire army of the Mahrattas in the Deccan, numbering at least 50,000 combatants, and strongly posted, with 100 pieces of cannon before the fortified village of Assaye.

At this critical moment of his fortunes, the force which General Wellesley had in hand, including the infantry which was coming up, did not exceed 4,500 men; his few light guns were utterly unable to make head against the tremendous batteries of the Mahrattas, and his draught cattle, notwithstanding the pains he had expended on them, were sinking under the severity of the campaign. His resolution, however, was taken at once, and without measuring the relative proportion of the two armies, or waiting for Colonel Stevenson to share the perils and glories of the field, he gave instant orders for the attack. Owing to a misapprehension of instructions, his precautionary directions for avoiding the most menacing points of the Mahratta position

were disregarded, and the battle was won with a terrible carnage by the bayonet alone, exactly like some of the actions recently witnessed with the Sikhs.

This was the crowning stroke of the war, and since that time British supremacy has never been disputed with any chance of success.

It was in the month of September, 1805, that Sir Arthur Wellesley—after an absence of nine years, during which his services in the East had earned him a Major-Generalship, the Knighthood of the Bath, the thanks of the King and Parliament, and a confirmed professional reputation—landed once more on the shores of England. Between this period and his departure on those memorable campaigns with which his name will be immortally connected, there elapsed an interval in the Duke's life of nearly three years, which a seat in Parliament, an Irish Secretaryship, and a Privy Councillorship, enabled him to turn actively to account.

But he was in arms again in 1807, assisting at the siege of Copenhagen; and this led the way to his future commands in the Peninsula. An expedition to sustain the Spanish patriots was determined on, and Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to command it. Portugal was the destination of the forces under his command; and Portugal was held by Junot with fully 25,000 men. The force of Sir Arthur amounted to 9000 men, and these he landed in Mondego Bay in August 1808, and being joined by another small expedition, his command was raised to 14,000 men. It was here, on the heights of Roliça, he won his first Peninsula victory, defeating the French at the first encounter. Other successes lay promisingly before him, and he again beat the French at Vimiera; but a rapid change of commanders snatched them from his grasp; Junot escaped; and, under the orders of Dalrymple and Burrard, Wellesley signed the disgraceful convention of Cintra. Napoleon had sneered at the "Sepoy General;" he now saw one of his best Marshals, and some of his finest troops, flying before him. And Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to England in September, with new laurels, to betake himself for a short time to civil duties.

Napoleon had, however, nearly conquered Spain; Sir John Moore had retreated on Corunna, and lost his life; and Spanish independence seemed the vaguest probability. At this juncture the British Government, stimulated by Sir Arthur Wellesley, resolved to try once more to check aggressive France in the Peninsula; and Sir Arthur, with General Beresford to second him, was once more appointed to command.

The British force under Sir Arthur Wellesley's command, amounted at this time to about 20,000 men, to which about 15,000 Portuguese, in a respectable state of organization, were added by the exertions of Beresford. Of these about 24,000 were now led against Soult, who, though not inferior in strength, no sooner ascertained the advance of the English commander, than he arranged for a retreat by detaching Loison, with 6000 men, to dislodge a Portuguese post on his left rear. Sir Arthur's intention was to envelope, if possible, the French corps, by pushing forward a strong force upon its left, and then intercepting its retreat towards Ney's position, while the main body assaulted Soult in his quarters at Oporto. The former of these operations he entrusted to Beresford, the latter he directed in person. On the 12th of May the troops reached the southern bank of the Douro; the waters of which, 300 yards in width, rolled between them and their adversaries. In anticipation of the attack, Soult had destroyed the floating-bridge, had collected all the boats on the opposite side, and there, with his forces well in hand for action or retreat, was looking from the window of his lodging, enjoying the presumed discomfiture of his opponent. To attempt such a passage as this in face of one of the ablest marshals of France was, indeed, an audacious stroke; but it was not beyond the daring of that genius which M. Thiers describes as calculated only for the stolid operations of defensive war. Availing himself of a point where the river, by a bend in its course, was not easily visible from the town, Sir Arthur determined on transporting, if possible, a few troops to the northern bank, and occupying an unfinished stone building, which he perceived was capable of affording temporary cover. The means were soon supplied by the activity of Colonel Waters—an officer whose habitual audacity rendered him one of the heroes of this memorable war. Crossing in a skiff to the opposite bank, he returned with two or three boats, and in a few minutes a company of the Buffs was established in the building. Reinforcements quickly followed, but not without discovery. The alarm was given, and presently the edifice was enveloped by the eager battalions of the French. The British, however, held their ground; a passage was effected at other points during the struggle; the French, after an ineffectual resistance, were fain to abandon the city in precipitation, and Sir Arthur, after his unexampled feat of arms, sat down that evening to the dinner which had been prepared

for Soult. Nor did the disasters of the French marshal terminate here; for, though the designs of the British commander had been partially frustrated by the intelligence gained by the enemy, yet the French communications were so far intercepted, that Soult only joined Ney after losses and privations little short of those which had been experienced by Sir John Moore.

This was the first of a series of successes which carried the British flag triumphantly to a bloody victory at Talavera, and Sir Arthur Wellesley became "Baron Douro, of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington, in the county of Somerset."

Napoleon now made tremendous exertions to carry his point. Nine powerful corps, mustering fully 280,000 effective men, under Marshals Victor, Ney, Soult, Mortier, and Massena, with a crowd of aspiring generals besides, represented the force definitely charged with the final subjugation of the Peninsula. To meet the shock of this stupendous array, Wellington had the 20,000 troops of Talavera augmented, besides other reinforcements, by that memorable brigade which, under the name of the Light Division, became afterwards the admiration of both armies. In addition, he had Beresford's Portuguese levies, now 30,000 strong, well disciplined, and capable, as events showed, of becoming first-rate soldiers, making a total of some 55,000 disposable troops, independent of garrisons and detachments.

Against such hosts as he brought to the assault, a defensive attitude was all that could be maintained, and Wellington's eye had detected the true mode of operation. He proposed to make the immediate district of Lisbon perform that service for Portugal which Portugal itself performed for the Peninsula at large, by furnishing an impregnable fastness and a secure retreat. By carrying lines of fortification from the Atlantic coast, through Torres Vedras, to the bank of the Tagus a little above Lisbon, he succeeded in constructing an artificial stronghold, within which his retiring forces would be inaccessible, and from which, as opportunities invited, he might issue at will. These provisions silently and unobtrusively made, he calmly took post on the Coa, and awaited the assault. Hesitating, or undecided, from some motive or other, Massena for weeks delayed the blow, till at length, after feeling the mettle of the Light Division on the Coa, he put his army in motion after the British commander, who slowly retired to his defences. Deeming, however, that a passage of arms would tend both to inspirit his own troops in what seemed like a retreat, and to teach Massena the true quality of the antagonist before him, he deliberately halted at Busaco and offered battle. Unable to refuse the challenge, the French marshal directed his bravest troops against the British position, but they were foiled with immense loss at every point of the attack, and Wellington proved, by one of his most brilliant victories, that his retreat partook neither of discomfiture nor fear. Rapidly recovering himself, however, Massena followed on his formidable foe, and was dreaming of little less than a second evacuation of Portugal, when, to his astonishment and dismay, he found himself abruptly arrested in his course by the tremendous lines of Torres Vedras. These prodigious intrenchments comprised a triple line of fortifications one within the other, the innermost being intended to cover the embarkation of the troops in the last resort. The main strength of the works had been thrown on the second line, at which it had been intended to make the final stand, but even the outer barrier was found in effect to be so formidable as to deter the enemy from all hopes of a successful assault. Thus checked in mid career, the French marshal chafed and fumed in front of these impregnable lines, afraid to attack, yet unwilling to retire.

He did at length retire, and was followed by his wary foe. From this time to the end of the war, Wellington was only once seriously checked at Burgos. Excepting that repulse, he held his own in the teeth of armies immensely superior in number. He won Fuentes d'Oron, took Almeida, was victor at Salamanca, carried Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz, Madrid, and Seville; defeated the French at Vittoria, and drove Soult through the Pyrenees. Napoleon abdicated, and Europe was awhile at peace; until Waterloo closed the reign of a hundred days, and Wellington became the conqueror of Napoleon.

On the 19th of June, the allies were moving in good order towards France, which they entered on the 21st; and on the 3rd of July, after some rather sharp encounters with Blücher, on that, and the previous day, Paris was surrendered. The city was occupied on the 6th, and on the following day, Louis XVIII. was replaced on his throne. On the 22nd of June, Napoleon had abdicated in favour of his son, the King of Rome; and on the 29th, he had repaired to Rochefort. On the 15th of July, after having made an abortive attempt to procure a passport to America, from Wellington

and having formed various idle projects for escaping, in spite of the English cruisers, he surrendered to Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*.

Blucher would have assassinated Napoleon, but the Duke refused to be a party to the transaction, and saved the life of his great rival. To appease the Prussians, he procured the appointment of Baron Muffling to be Governor of Paris—of which Blucher immediately availed himself to lay the capital under a contribution of a hundred million francs, to quarter troops upon the inhabitants, and to demand various sums from Versailles and other towns. What to the French was more galling than this, he commenced the destruction of two bridges which Napoleon had built and called after his victories of Jena and Austerlitz. Wellington also put a stop to these gratuitous acts of oppression; the contributions were not levied, and the bridges had only their names changed by the King to *Le Pont des Invalids* and *Le Pont de Jardin du Roi*.

On the 8th of July, a ministry, at the head of which was Prince Talleyrand, was appointed at the suggestion of the Duke; and on the 15th, his Grace, with the grand staff of the British army, composed of 300 generals, and other distinguished officers, paid their respects to Louis, at the Tuileries. His Majesty on that occasion told the British Commander-in-Chief that he owed him "a personal obligation for his humanity and the good conduct of his army."

The news of Waterloo was brought on the 20th by Mr. Sutton, the proprietor of a number of vessels plying between Colchester and Ostend, who made the voyage at his private cost for that special purpose. The Duke's despatches arrived two days later, and were immediately conveyed to the two houses of parliament. They produced the most rapturous expressions of joy. A vote of thanks to the Duke and his army was carried by acclamation in the Lords, on the motion of the Earl Bathurst; and in the Commons, the minister (Lord Castlereagh) brought a message from the Prince Regent, in consequence of which an additional grant of 200,000*l.*, accompanied by the most flattering encomiums, was made, to purchase a mansion and estate for his Grace. Illuminations were general throughout the country, and almost every steeple rang out its merriest peals. A form of thanksgiving was said in the churches on Sunday, the 9th of July, and a subscription, amounting to upwards of 100,000*l.*, was made for the widows and orphans of the slain. The Duke also generously relinquished, for the same purpose, half the parliamentary compensation due to him for the Peninsular prize property. All the regiments which had been in the battle were permitted to inscribe "Waterloo" on their banners, and every surviving soldier was presented with a silver medal, and was allowed to reckon that day as two years' service. The Rev. John Norcross wrote to the Duke, requesting that he would name a private or non-commissioned officer as most deserving of a handsome donation which he offered. His Grace nominated Sergeant Graham, of the Coldstreams, whose gallant conduct at Hougoumont is already known to our readers, and warmly eulogised Mr. Norcross's patriotism. To the Mayor of Brussels, whose kindness to the wounded was past all praise, he also wrote a grateful letter of acknowledgment. This was signed "Wellington, Prince of Waterloo," which he had been created in July by the King of the Netherlands, who also conferred on him the estate of *La Belle Alliance*. The victory was mentioned in fitting terms in the Prince Regent's speech at the close of the session, on the 12th of July—the corporation of London having, a few days before, presented an address of congratulation to the throne. The City also presented splendid swords to his Grace and the chief allied officers. The distribution was made, at the Lord Mayor's request, by the Duke himself—a circumstance that must have greatly enhanced the value of the donation in the eyes of all by whom it was received.

On the 30th of November, his Grace published a general order, in which he took leave of the army, of which he spoke in very flattering terms. He continued, however, to reside in the palace of *Elysée Bourbon* for some months longer.

On the 29th of June, 1816, his Grace set out for London; not, however, without experiencing another narrow escape. A few days before he had given at his palace a grand farewell *fête*, to which the younger Bourbon princes, many distinguished members of the government and court, and all the English of rank in the capital, were invited. The servant of Mr. Aston happening to be waiting in the street, perceived a smoke coming from one of the cellars. He instantly gave the alarm, and a lighted rag was found near a barrel of gunpowder, and two barrels of oil. The danger was quietly removed, and no interruption occurred to the entertainment. It was, however, quite clear that a Guy Fawkes explosion had been plotted.

On the 18th of June, 1817, the magnificent new

Strand-bridge, designed by Mr. Rennie, and called after the glorious victory of that day, was opened by the Prince Regent, who crossed it in state, with the Duke of York on his right hand and the Duke of Wellington on his left—the gorgeous ceremonial being heralded by a discharge of 202 guns, in commemoration of the number of pieces captured. During his Grace's short stay in London, on the motion of Lord Castlereagh, carried by acclamation, a committee of the House was appointed to wait on him to offer their congratulations. On the 16th of August he again returned to Paris as ambassador-plenipotentiary; and in the course of the next month he was employed in prosecuting the publisher of the *Flanders Journal* for a libel; and though he failed, he received at the hands of the court ample amends for the slander he complained of—namely, that he had been guilty of misconduct in his diplomatic functions. In the meantime Apsley House, in Hyde Park, had been purchased by the British government and rebuilt by Mr. Wyatt, for the Duke, who has since given in it an annual dinner on Waterloo day, to his brother officers present at the battle. Amongst the objects of interest in it, is the magnificent colossal statue of Napoleon, by Canova, which Louis sent over to him as soon as it arrived from the artist at Rome. On the 19th of November the parliamentary commissioners purchased of Lord Rivers the estate of *Strathfieldsaye*, in Hampshire, for 263,000*l.*, the timber on it alone being valued at 150,000*l.*

On the 11th of February, 1818, as the Duke's carriage was entering the gate of his hotel in Paris, a scoundrel, named Cantillon, fired a pistol at his Grace, but happily missed his aim. The Ministers of the allied Sovereigns, as well as the King of France, warmly congratulated him on his escape, and the Prince Regent sent him an autograph letter on the occasion. Lord Castlereagh, in consequence of this atrocious attempt, procured an extension of the Alien Act for two years longer. Cantillon, and another man, named Marinot, were tried during the next year, but were acquitted. Napoleon, who died on the 5th of May, 1821, left Cantillon a legacy of 10,000 francs—a fact that speaks volumes for the "generosity" of his disposition.

On the 25th April, 1818, the negotiations with France were finally concluded; and on the 9th of the following October, a treaty by the allied sovereigns was agreed to at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, for the immediate withdrawal of the army of occupation. On the 22nd there was a grand review and sham fight near Valenciennes; after which the Duke gave a splendid entertainment to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, and the troops embarked for this country forthwith. His Grace was made a Field-Marshal in the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian service immediately after the Congress of Aix; and, on the 26th of December, he was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance at home.

In June, 1819, the Waterloo prize-money was distributed, the Duke of Wellington's share being 60,000*l.*; a general's, 1250*l.*; a field-officer's, 420*l.*; a captain's, 90*l.*; a subaltern's, 33*l.*; a sergeant's, 9*l.*; a private's, 2*l.* 10*s.* About this time a magnificent dessert service was presented to the Duke by the King of Saxony. A still more magnificent present was made the Duke by the King of Portugal. It consisted of a silver plateau, thirty feet long and three feet and a half broad, of beautiful design and workmanship, and lighted by 106 wax tapers. In 1822, the ladies of England having contributed 10,000*l.* towards the erection of a monument to the Duke and his companions in arms, a magnificent cast by Westmacott of the Achilles on the Quirinal Hill was erected in Hyde-park, near Apsley-house. The statue, which is twenty feet high, and upwards of thirty-six tons in weight, was made (as the inscription states) of the cannon taken in the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo. In this year, too, he received from the merchants of London a silver-gilt shield, weighing 300 lbs., splendidly designed by Stothard.

In 1825, when a mania for joint-stock companies, similar to the railway hallucination of 1817, seized the public mind, his Grace exerted himself greatly to restrain the infatuation of the English capitalists; and, as an acknowledgment of his public services in this respect alone, he was invited to a splendid banquet, and presented with a magnificent silver vase, worth 1000*l.*

In 1826 the reaction attendant upon this commercial infatuation burst upon the country. The distress was of the severest description. On the 4th of March the *Gazette* contained ninety-three bankrupts. At the Duke's suggestion, small notes were re-issued at the Bank of England, and this, joined to the large amount of new coin minted, at last put an end to the embarrassment.

His Grace was also appointed, with Sir Robert Peel

and other leading members of Parliament, one of the commissioners for Indian affairs. The Duke of York dying on the 5th of January, the Duke of Wellington was appointed, on the 24th, his successor as Commander-in-Chief and colonel of the 1st Grenadier Guards. On the 10th of March his Grace was installed in the office of High Constable of the Tower, with a salary of 1,000*l.* per annum, to commence from the date of his appointment. At the same time he was appointed *Custos Rotulorum* of the Tower Hamlets, with a much greater salary. The Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, having died of apoplexy, on the 17th of February, after holding office since the 9th of June, 1812, the King, on the 10th of April, nominated Mr. Canning as his successor. Upon this the Duke of Wellington, and six other of the principal members of the old Cabinet, retired, his Grace resigning the command of the army on the 30th.

This secession, which has been severely criticised, caused the failure of Canning's ministry, and was succeeded by Lord Goderich, whose government was very short lived. When he resigned, the Duke of Wellington was instructed to frame a Cabinet. This he accordingly did, resigning the command on the 15th of February in favour of Lord Hill. Mr. Huskisson, showing some insubordination, was soon dismissed from the Cabinet; from which his friend Lord Dudley, as well as Mr. Charles Grant, and Lord Palmerston also seceded. His late Majesty (William IV.) taking offence at a remonstrance made by the Duke of Wellington, upon the expensiveness of his habits, also resigned his office as Lord High Admiral. His Grace's mode of life as Prime Minister was such as might have been expected from his previous career. He slept on a mattress spread on an iron camp bedstead; rose regularly at seven; breakfasted at eight, and immediately commenced his official duties. He was the terror of the idlers at Downing-street. On one occasion, when the Treasury clerks told him that some mode of making up the accounts was impracticable, they were met with the curt reply, "Never mind; if you can't do it, I'll send you half-a-dozen pay-sergeants that will"—a hint they did not fail to take.

One of the reforms with which the Duke of Wellington's name is indissolubly connected, is the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, which he triumphantly carried during the session of 1828, in spite of the fierce opposition of Lord Eldon and other Tories of the old school.

Another measure of a similar nature was the Roman-catholic Relief Bill. His lordship had shown himself, when Chief Secretary for Ireland, leniently disposed towards this large branch of his Majesty's subjects. The question had been agitated for many years; and his Grace's Cabinet, after resisting the popular demands for some time, at length determined to yield, and to perform this act of justice. Mr. Peel (the late Sir Robert) then sat for the University of Oxford, and the first intimation of the Ministry's determination was his resignation. This step caused a prodigious sensation in the political world; and the University marked its displeasure by electing Sir Robert Inglis in the room of the "apostate." It would be a long task to describe the struggle which took place in both houses; but during the session of 1829, Mr. Peel carried the bill through the Commons by a majority of 160 on the second reading, and 178 on the third; and the Duke himself passed it through the Lords by a majority of 105 on the second reading, and 104 on the third. It received the royal assent on the 13th of April. On the 19th of March the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, a determined opposer of the bill, offered the Duke what his Grace considered an insult. A new scholastic institution, called King's College, having been opened in the Strand, to counteract the tendencies of that in Gower-street, his Grace had been selected as patron. Lord Winchelsea wrote to Mr. Coleridge, the secretary, in the following terms: "I was one of those who at first thought the plan might be practicable, and prove an antidote to the principles of the London University. Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was intended as a blind to the Protestant and high church party; and that the noble Duke, who had for some time previous to that period determined upon breaking in upon the constitution of 1688, might the more effectually, under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties, and the introduction of Popery into every department of the state." The Duke of Wellington demanded a retraction, which his lordship declined to give, and the preliminaries having been settled by Sir Henry Hardinge on the one hand, and the Earl of Falmouth on the other, the two peers had a hostile meeting, on Saturday, the 21st of March, in Battersen Fields. His Grace fired without effect, the Earl discharged his pistol into the air, and the parties then left the ground. Lord Winchelsea after-



wards published the retraction demanded of him by his Grace.

On the 20th of January, 1829, his Grace was appointed Governor of Dover Castle, and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; and he soon afterwards added the whole of the Silchester property to his estate in Hampshire, so that his domains acquired a circuit of thirty miles, and his mansion could be approached by a direct avenue, eight miles long, across his own land.

In 1830 the Duke's government fell. The ranks of his supporters had been thinned by the malcontent Tories, who kept aloof in high dudgeon at his Relief Bill; nor did he receive any permanent support from the Whigs and Roman Catholics; and now a cry had been raised for reform. This the Duke refused, and the result was considerable popular excitement. His Grace himself did not escape personal insult; and considerable damage was done to his property. The new King, William IV., had intended to have been present at the City feast at Guildhall, but the ministers had received such information as not only induced them to advise his Majesty not to attend it, but caused the Duke of Wellington to have the Tower moat filled, and to put that ancient fortress in a state of defence. For this, the Cabinet were subjected to severe animadversions by the Opposition, but the Duke's account of the matter at once affords a complete answer to their objections, and puts his Grace's character in a most amiable light. "I would have gone," said he, to Sir Wm. Knighton, "if the law had been equal to protect me, but that was not the case. Fifty dragoons on horseback would have done it; but that was a military force. If firing had begun, who could tell when it was to end; one guilty person would fall, and ten innocent be destroyed. Would this have been wise or humane, for a little bravado, or that the country might not be alarmed for a day or two? It is all over now, and in another week or two will be forgotten."

On the 15th of November in this year (1830) Ministers were defeated on Sir Henry Parnell's amendment, appointing a select committee to inquire into the civil list, by a majority of 27; and on the following evening his Grace and Sir Robert Peel announced the resignation of the Cabinet. Lord Grey was named as his successor, Lord Hill, however, continuing at the Horse Guards.

On the 24th of June Lord John Russell recommenced the reform discussion, and the bill was carried on the 19th of July, by a large majority. On the following day it was taken up to the Lords by upwards of a hundred members, headed by Lords Althorpe and Russell, and was delivered to the Lord Chancellor. It was read for the first time *pro forma*, and the 3rd of October was fixed for the second reading. The popular excitement was intense. The Corporation of London presented an address to the King, praying for reform; and the mob which accompanied them to the palace, proceeded to St. James's-square, and broke the windows of Lord Bristol's mansion, and then passed on to Apsley House, where they were guilty of a similar act of violence. His Grace has never had his windows repaired. Lord Grey reintroduced the bill in the following March, when the Opposition being weakened by the desertion of the Bishop of London and other lords, the bill was read a second time by a majority of nine,—upon which, the Duke and seventy-four other peers entered their protest on the journals. When their lordships re-assembled, it was proposed to take the question of enfranchisement first; and Lord Grey, being defeated, waited on the King and gave him the alternative of either creating a sufficient number of new peers or of accepting his resignation. His Majesty accordingly sent for Lord Lyndhurst, and desired him to communicate with the Duke and Sir Robert Peel, but both being intractable on the reform question the King recalled Lord Grey. So popular was this step that the Opposition gave up the contest, and the bill received the royal assent by commission on the 7th of June, 1832. Earl Grey was soon afterwards succeeded by Lord Melbourne, but the reform Ministry did not last long, being broken up by the resignation of Lord Althorpe.

On the 15th of November his Grace was directed by the King to form a new administration, and he at once recommended the appointment of Sir Robert Peel to the premiership. As Sir Robert was then in Italy, his Grace was at first entrusted with the whole charge of government, and the seals of the three secretaries of state; but when the Cabinet was filled up, he took the direction of the foreign affairs. The lower house, however, commenced hostilities, and having carried the election of the Speaker, they defeated the Ministers by passing a clause for appropriating part of the Irish church property to purposes of education. In consequence of this the Ministers resigned in the April of 1834.

The contest on the Reform Act reconciled the Duke and the tory party, who were highly delighted by his

firm stand against the bill. On the 29th of January, 1834, his Grace was unanimously elected Chancellor of Oxford, in the room of Lord Grenville, deceased.

The passing of the Reform Bill may be said to have formed the termination of his Grace's political life, for though he continued to be a warm and consistent supporter of the conservative party, he never again aspired to the premiership.

After this his old popularity returned, and at the coronation of the Queen in 1837, his reception by the crowd was most enthusiastic. Marshal Soult, who was present as Ambassador Extraordinary from France, was also received with loud applause. On the 13th of July the Corporation of London gave a grand dinner to the foreign princes and ambassadors, at the Guildhall. The healths of the two heroes were drank together, with tremendous cheering; and, in returning thanks, they complimented each other in the warmest manner. The marshal's speech afforded a curious contrast to his general orders.

At the resignation of Lord Melbourne, in 1839, the Queen sent for the Duke, and at his suggestion commissioned Sir R. Peel to form a ministry; but the Whigs returned to office, her Majesty refusing to dismiss the ladies of her household.

In 1841 Sir R. Peel succeeded in actually constituting a Cabinet, which remained in power until the repeal of the corn laws, in 1846. On the 15th of August Lord Hill resigned the command of the army, in consequence of the state of his health, and the Duke, who once more succeeded to that important office, has held it ever since.

For the last few years of his life the Duke still continued to be consulted by Ministers, and indeed by her Majesty herself, who is understood to have liked to take his opinion on all matters of importance. He had always very regularly conformed to social observances, and mingled largely with the society to which he belonged. His last appearance in state was on the occasion of the dissolution of parliament, when it became his duty to be bearer of the Sword of State. The venerable Duke, feeble with age, was accordingly seen in his due place carrying the heavy and venerable weapon; nay, even playfully pointing it at Lord Derby, who was jesting with him about his difficulty in carrying it. His latest remarkable speech was in the House of Lords, when he emphatically came forward to signify his approbation of the Militia Bill, and to praise militia corps.

He had gone to Walmer Castle—and that his general health was still good we may learn from the fact that on last Saturday afternoon he rode over on horseback to Dover, and, in his capacity of Lord Warden, inspected the works in progress in the Harbour of Refuge, and other departments. He then seemed in excellent health and spirits.

His death may be said to have been sudden. He died after a "succession of fits." It is known that for some years he had been subject to brain attacks, and had undergone the inconvenience of using "counter irritants" to repel them. The cause of his death was natural decay, but the immediate agency described in the word "fits" was doubtless an effusion of water upon his brain. Gradual stupefaction would be the result, and also convulsions, but it is said that his death was without pain. He expired at half-past three in the afternoon.

The Duke is succeeded by his son Arthur, Marquis of Douro, who was born in 1807. He is a colonel in the army, and married in 1839 a daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

#### LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

#### LETTER XXXVIII.

Paris, September 14, 1852.

BONAPARTE is off for his grand tour of a month in the South. He started this day, at one o'clock p.m., accompanied by fifteen persons only. Up to the last moment the Ministers set their faces against this expedition; they manifested the most sombre uneasiness, the most sinister apprehensions, the most gloomy presentiments. "We are ready to create the Empire," said they all, "and we would rather proclaim it now than see you start for the South." Louis Bonaparte replied, "I am not at this moment so anxious for the Empire as to ascertain with my own eyes and ears the actual disposition of the population in the South." Then came the refusals to accompany him; each held back, and it required nothing less than a *command* to reduce these gentlemen to compliance. The original arrangement, however, which I mentioned last week, had to be modified. It was agreed that Persigny, the great stage-manager of the Napoleonic *drame*, and perhaps about the sole unadulterated Bonapartist extant, should remain at Paris to meet events. Possessing, as he does, the secrets of General Magnan

and of the other Generals of the *coup-d'état*, who dread him, and walk before him like school-boys before an usher, it was thought that his presence would be sufficient to keep the army of Paris to duty and discipline in case of events. And then it is he who disposes of the telegraph. No journalist has been allowed to accompany or follow the President's journey, so that during this month Persigny remains the sole journalist, absolutely without competition; he alone receives the news, he alone publishes them and cooks them for the *Moniteur*. Paris will know nothing but what M. Le Comte de Persigny may be gracious enough to communicate.

In case of mishap, Paris will remain at least a week in complete ignorance of what has happened, and during that week, St. Arnaud, Minister of War, and who is, by the latest arrangement, ordered to attend the President throughout his journey, will have time enough—1. To rally the troops in the province where the mishap may have happened; 2. to despatch orders for the concentration of the rest of the forces; 3. to return to Paris, to keep the great city down. Such are the dispositions which these Bonapartist gentlemen think requisite to make *against* a population which has given them 7,500,000 votes!—*against* a population which, if we believe them, is mad with enthusiasm for them and their Bonaparte!

Besides, all sorts of arrangements, even to a ridiculous minuteness, have been carried out to make this progress of Bonaparte an unexampled ovation. Enthusiasm has been transmitted from Paris at so much a ton. All the apparatus employed by the Administration in public rejoicings—coloured lamps, Chinese lanterns, illumination scaffoldings, down to the classic *lampions*, firework devices, flags, streamers, and all the thousand properties and appointments of the *fêtes* at Paris have been despatched beforehand by the Lyons and Central Railways to the Eastern and Southern provinces. But this is not all: the most precise instructions have been given to the Prefects. The inhabitants of every *commune* in every department have received an imperative summons to present themselves, with banners flying, on the line of the Presidential progress. Why not? they voted, like soldiers, by word of command; why not take rank on the passage of the President, in full dress, salute him with joy, and display their enthusiasm with shouts and cries?

To convince you that everything, even to the cheers and *vivats*, has been laid down by order, I send you the following decree of the Prefect of the Cher to his subordinates: "Considering the memorable votes of the tenth and twentieth of December, which conferred on Louis Napoleon Bonaparte the supreme power: seeing that *His Highness* Louis Napoleon Bonaparte deigns to honour our department with his presence, the inhabitants of all the communes of the department of Cher are ordered and enjoined to betake themselves to Bourges on the 14th inst., at five o'clock in the evening punctually, with their respective authorities at their head. All the *communes* will assemble together on the Place de Sérancourt, to receive the banners and the *banderolles* which will be distributed to them by the authorities. Each commune will assemble round the post which will bear its name. Given at Bourges, this seventh of September, 1852." This Prefect of Cher is not joking. "It is appointed and enjoined." "Brave peasantry, you will march to Bourges or to prison—whichever you please—you are free to choose." Such is the language of their Prefect. This evidence is undeniable, it is published in the two official journals of the department of the Cher. It is the same in all the other departments. In that of Isère, the communes have orders to light bonfires on every peak in their Alpine range on the night of the President's arrival at Grenoble. In other departments the Prefects have given strict orders to illuminate. To such as are too poor to afford this expense, lamps will be supplied, gratis, from Paris. This is not all. The *Moniteur* had ostensibly dissuaded the principal towns from preparing an expensive reception for the President; these very towns have received secret instructions from Paris to vote considerable sums for the occasion. Lyons received orders to vote, and has voted, 60,000 francs (2400*l.*) Marseilles has done more, notwithstanding its financial difficulties, voting a credit of 100,000 francs (4000*l.*) Avignon, which had left its Hotel de Ville unfinished for want of funds, was obliged to vote 25,000 francs (1000*l.*). Grenoble the same amount. Toulouse has voted a credit of 60,000 francs (2400*l.*). Certain other towns have done better. Finding it impossible to fix a price upon their enthusiasm, they have voted *unlimited* credits. All sorts of official precautions have been taken to ensure a magnificent reception. On the other hand, Persigny, who looks after everything, from whom proceed all directions, all combinations, desired that there should be a local *fête* in every town. I told you in my last letter that the Battle of Toulouse was

to be represented by the troops quartered in that town. At Toulon, also, there is to be a military *fête*. The troops, reduced to the duties of comedians, will represent the attack and capture of the "Little Gibraltar," the outermost fort in the roads, by Napoleon. At Lyons it is to be the *fête* of the inauguration of the statue of Napoleon the Great. This statue was sent off from Paris some days since, and will be inaugurated on the "Place Louis Napoleon" by the President himself. At Bordeaux Bonaparte will be heralded by the commercial treaty which has been agreed upon between France and England, at the instance of Persigny himself, who is said to have obtained a great reduction in the duties on the Bordeaux wines. This is the way Persigny touts for the firm of Bonaparte and Cie.

Throughout the passage of the President the greatest precautions have been taken to prevent any accident. All the republicans of the north, the centre, and the east of France, confined to certain districts (*internés*) in the south, have received sudden orders to depart into other quarters. All those under simple *surveillance* are bound to appear daily before the authorities of their locality, and are absolutely forbidden to absent themselves even on the most urgent private affairs. The troops are all concentrated on the chief strategical points in the southern departments. The soldiers of the class of 1852 who were entitled to discharge, are retained in the ranks till January, 1853. They would properly be discharged in August or September of this year. What is more, all the commanding officers have been strictly forbidden to deliver six months leave of absence, so that no soldier can on any account obtain his discharge, though strictly his service may have expired. You will agree with me that this abundance of precautionary measures scarcely proves a very warm confidence in the affections of the people.

The fact is, that all that has been said about the affection of the population for Louis Bonaparte is utterly false. Nothing proves its falsehood more clearly than the number of condemnations for insulting and offensive expressions against the person of the President. There have been more than *two thousand* of these condemnations in Paris alone, and double the number in the provinces, during the past six months. It is true these offensive expressions have been uttered in a state of intoxication, but the fact is scarcely less significant: as soon as a man forgets to be circumspect, his spirit overflows, and it is on Bonaparte that he vents his rage.

Another symptom is the universal eagerness to procure a copy of Victor Hugo's *Napoléon le Petit*. It has at last been found possible to print an edition in France—a microscopical edition about two inches in length, which by its excessive smallness contrives to elude all the vigilance of the police—and of which thousands of copies are in circulation. Every one has, or intends to have, a copy. The police are furious, and daily effect domiciliary visits at the houses of the booksellers, who appeal in vain to the "inviolability of the domicile."

I hear from London that Colonel Fleury, aide-de-camp of Louis Bonaparte, is still in England, ransacking the country in every corner to purchase eight cream-coloured horses for the coronation of the Emperor. His original commission was to order a carriage. There is nothing extraordinary in his looking after the horses.

There is a report, however, at Paris, that the Empire is once more adjourned, and that Persigny (who once said that he had made Bonaparte President in spite of himself, and that he would make him Emperor in spite of himself) insists on the Empire, while Bonaparte declines. The latter is said to have expressed himself as follows:—"Why should I make myself Emperor? Was authority ever more obeyed? Have affairs been ever more prosperous? A new title would add nought to my authority, and would perhaps bring me inextricable difficulties in its train. The ambition of a conqueror seems inevitably to attach to the title of Emperor, and however my interests and my wishes may be identified with peace for Europe, Europe would probably not believe me, and I should have to fear a rupture, and consequently the obligation to go to war."

In the meanwhile imperial manifestations continue. At Thionville it was proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, that petitions for the restoration of the Empire had been deposited at the *Mairie* for signatures. Really this idea of crying, with the aid of a trumpet, the imperialist petitions, just as the arrival of a conjuror, a sale of goods, or a lost dog, is "cried," is very ingenious. No one, however, presented himself at the *Mairie*. As to the Councils-General, as I have before remarked, the number of those which demanded the Empire so disappointed the *meneurs* of the Elysée that the *Moniteur*, in rendering an account of their session, maintained an obstinate silence about the imperialist vote of the minority, and contented itself with assert-

ing that all had unanimously pronounced themselves in favour of *stability*.

The municipal elections are concluded. To continue to keep you *au courant*, I now subjoin a few significant figures. At Pezenas, out of 2142 registered electors, only thirty-eight voters presented themselves at the second election; the elections at Beyrus were null, in default of voters; at Nîmes, the second election found only a tenth of the electors at the poll; at Lodève, two sections out of five never voted at all. At Bédarieux, the candidates of the administration failed in two sections, and in the two others the result was null. In many *communes*—in all, I may say—where the electors did not abstain from voting, the candidates of the opposition carried the election. At St. Jean d'Angely (Charente Inférieure), out of twenty-three municipal councillors, sixteen belong to the republican party. At the head of the list stand five who had already resigned, rather than take the oaths. In the Lower Pyrenees, and in the Loire, the list presented by the Government failed entirely in several *communes*.

You will easily understand how it is that the Prefects already begin to dissolve the new municipal councils. Eleven municipal councils in the Drôme, and five in the Doubs have been dissolved. At the same time many of the councillors elect send in their resignations rather than take the oaths. It is these refusals to take the oaths, it seems, that enjoy the inestimable privilege of affecting most acutely the gentlemen of the Empire. I will give you a proof of this. At Fécamp, M. Huet, President of the Tribunal of Commerce, delivered an address on taking his seat for the first time; his address was entered in the register of the official acts of the court. Now this M. Huet had refused to take the oaths, whereupon orders were sent to the Procureur of the Republic at Havre, to proceed to Fécamp in person, and *himself* to efface from the register the obnoxious speech of M. Huet. The Inquisition that committed books to the flames did no more than this Government of Bonaparte.

Talking of the Inquisition, the priests are raising their heads with extraordinary insolence. *No surer sign forebodes the coming tempest*. They positively reclaim the estates of which the Revolution of 1789 stripped them. Very craftily are they feeling their way, these priests. They have put forward a brother of M. Carlier, the famous Prefect of Police, on behalf of their claims. This brother of M. Carlier is a Canon of the Chapter of Sens; a chapter which, before the great Revolution, was in possession of large forests in the neighbourhood of that town. By virtue of the law of 1793, these forests, like all other ecclesiastical property, were absorbed in the domains of the State. Under the Restoration the chapter demanded back its forests, and again under Louis Philippe; but in neither case would the Minister of Finance for the time being consent to restore the forests to their original possessors. Quite recently these claims have been revived. On the first of this month a sale of these woods was announced. M. Carlier, the brother, in the name of the clergy of Sens, opposed the sale. The administration of the forests persevered in the sale; but the matter has been carried before the Council of State.

On the other hand, the Legitimists continue their intrigues also. All the notables of that party are just now on the way to Frohsdorf, to assist at the *fête* of their king, on the 29th instant.

Persecution knows no ceasing. Imprisonments and transportations go on, *as usual*. A citizen from the Eastern Pyrenees has been transported to Algeria, for breaking his ban; and more than four hundred of the Yonne and the Nièvre have recently been imprisoned at Clairvaux. Even the singing taverns (*cabarets forains*) are proscribed by a severe prohibitory order of the police. As for the severities against the press, they are far from being relaxed. The *Corsaire* (which was to the Legitimists, what the *Charivari* is to the Republican, and Liberal party) has been abruptly suppressed, without any stated motive. It had already been suspended for two months, and had only made its reappearance three days before the decree that suppressed it.

The *Liberté*, of Caen, has received a "warning," on account of an article on *credit foncier* (landed credit).

The Paris elections, for the nomination of two deputies, will take place on the 26th and 27th instant. The Administration has not yet declared its candidates, neither has the Opposition come to a decision what steps to take. The majority, perhaps, are in favour of standing altogether aloof. S.

#### CONTINENTAL NOTES.

M. LOUIS BONAPARTE has been received at Bourges and Nevers, according to the gospel of the telegraphs, with enthusiasm.

"*Ruere in servitium*" may surely be applied to France under Louis Bonaparte, who knows his people so well that he will not even take the Empire by violence, but prefers

to allow them to register their own servitude in petitions. No document has yet surpassed in vileness, and none has displayed a more absolute confidence in the national degradation, than the "Petition of Fathers of Families and Labourers," which has been prepared in the bureaux of the Home Office or the Police, and is now in course of active propagation from house to house. This petition, of which a translation has been fully printed in the *Times*, states, "that in a country like France all interests are placed under the sovereign influence of the Chief of the State; that who is to be this chief ought not to be made a periodical question: that otherwise a father cannot possibly know the political conjuncture under which he will provide for the marriage of the child whom he fondles upon his knee; that therefore such a presidency cannot satisfy the loftiest and sweetest sentiments of parental and conjugal love; that, were it otherwise, the births ought in a peculiar manner to correspond to the renovation of the Executive; and that the present generation, having conquered anarchy, would violate all the duties which it owes to succeeding generations if it were to allow the principle of resistance to be individualized; and it prays, for these and other reasons, for the re-establishment of political authority 'on its truly national and popular basis—the only one which suits our age—viz., hereditary tenure of sovereign power in the family of Bonaparte.'"

Thus the defender of "the family" operates upon the sympathies of French homes.

A statue of Descartes has been inaugurated at Tours. What is left of French journalism commented at some length on Thursday on the death of the Duke of Wellington. The *Patrie* and the *Presse* contain articles of a character decidedly hostile to the illustrious deceased. The *Débats* publishes a biographical notice without much comment. The *Constitutionnel* speaks in his favour; the *Pays* takes a sort of middle course; and the *Union*, the *Univers*, and the *Assemblée Nationale* merely announced the fact of his decease.

It will be perceived, from the following proclamation, which appears in the *Italia e Popolo*, that the Invisible Government still lives and moves *officially* in Italy:—

GOD AND THE PEOPLE.

Italian National Association, No. 103.

The Extraordinary Commissioner of the Central and Internal Direction to the Citizens composing the Committee of the Central Internal Direction of the National Italian Association for the Tuscan Provinces at Florence.

In consequence of the instructions I have received I am happy to forward to you the decree of Union of Tuscany with the Roman dominions. This year is a solemn one. It fortifies those who love and desire the Republican unity; it dissipates the illusions of the Federalists; it strikes to the heart the partisans of constitutional monarchy, and falls like a mortal weight upon tyrants. You are from this day invested with all the powers inherent to your mission. Greeting and fraternity.

Florence, 20th August, 1852.

On his part, the Commissioner of the Committee at Rome recognises and definitely accepts the union of the Democratic Association of Rome and of the Roman States with the Tuscan provinces. The union of Tuscany with Rome is now morally accomplished, adds the *Italia e Popolo*.

Some grand ceremonies commenced at Florence on the 4th inst., and concluded on the 8th with the coronation of the image of the Madonna. In order to keep up the fervour of Florentine devotion, a pamphlet has been published containing a long list of miracles performed by this supernatural image or picture, which is declared to owe its origin, in the year 1252, to the unrivalled skill of a celestial hand. Certainly the age of miracles has returned with returning absolutism. The brief reign of Democracy was fatal to these visitations.

We last week mentioned the resumption, after an adjournment, of the trial of Guerrazzi, the ex-member and hero of the Provisional Government in Tuscany. It appears that Guerrazzi has at last spoken. The exordium of his speech against the competency of the tribunal appearing too diffuse to the President Nervini, that functionary reproached the prisoner with not adhering to his subject. "Signor Presidente," replied Guerrazzi, "I have been silent for forty-one months, allow me now to speak." And speak he did, with great vigour, against the mode in which the accusation had been laid against him and his companions, rendering all responsible for the acts of each individual, and each individual responsible for all his fellow-prisoners. The appeal was rejected.

Austria makes unceasing efforts to enmesh all the petty Italian States under her protectorate in a commercial and customs union. The Duchy of Parma has lately acceded to a treaty prepared by Austria, and Baron Ward (the ex-Yorkshire groom, now Premier of Parma) has left for Vienna to exchange ratifications.

The financial condition of Austria grows worse and worse. The crisis is not to be much longer stayed off by empirical loans, which only deepen the abyss, but do not close it. No sooner is one loan concluded than another is announced.

A fortnight ago the new loan of eighty million florins was announced at the Vienna Bourse. The decree stated that of its produce twenty millions would be applied to railway works, twenty-five to the amortization of the Government paper-money, and fifteen to the partial reimbursement of the debt due to the Bank.

A third loan to the same amount, is announced by a Frankfort journal, rarely misinformed on Austrian subjects, for January next. Meanwhile all the promised economies for the state expenditure have proved illusory. The last budget acknowledges a deficit of 55,000,000 florins, and the amount of the military budget (106,000,000 florins) remains undiminished. Not to speak of political eventualities, is not this a tempting bait to English investments?

The tedious complications of the Zollverein question grow more insoluble daily; and it becomes daily more apparent that the struggle between Vienna and Berlin is as much for political as for commercial pre-eminence in



Germany. Austria is desirous to bring the commercial interests of Germany to Frankfurt, where Austria is paramount. Berlin is unwilling to enter into any negotiations with Vienna, until assured that the Zollverein shall have been completely re-established. The smaller states are coquetting with one or the other of the two great powers; the northern afraid to lose the advantages of the Zollverein under Prussian auspices, and anxious to be well with Austria: the southern states being all for Austria, but disposed to make concessions to Prussia, on Prussia promising to admit Austria into future treaties, after the reconstitution of the Zollverein. Such is, or recently was, the posture of the question; but the latest accounts state the whole matter to be at a dead lock. Austria considers Prussia's demands unacceptable, and Prussia insists on the reconstitution of the Zollverein as an indispensable preliminary. In January, 1854, the Zollverein expires. At the present rate of discussion, the settlement may be as far distant in 1854 as it is now.

The following notice has been sent to the French book-selling trade:—

"The Austrian press—periodical as well as non-periodical—having been placed under the exclusive surveillance of the civil authorities, it has been ordered that all books and pamphlets imported into Austria, in whatever manner the importation may be effected, must be sent to the Custom-house, where persons specially appointed for the purpose will examine them before they are permitted to circulate."

The *Corriere Mercantile* of Genoa of the 9th states that a new instrument of political agitation has been discovered in the National Bank of Turin, where French 5fr. pieces, bearing the dates of 1831, 1851, and 1852, have been found among the cash, with the motto, "*Dieu punira la France*," on the edge, instead of the usual one, "*Dieu protège la France*."

The *Piedmontese Gazette* of the 11th confirms the statement that General Lamarmora has been appointed by the King of Sardinia to proceed to Lyons, in order to compliment Louis Bonaparte.

An English company has obtained the concession of a railway from Naples to Brindisi (the ancient Brundisium, and nearest point of departure for the Levant), on very questionable terms so far as the British capital invested is concerned. The difficulties of construction will be very considerable and the traffic doubtful. The completion (as required) within three years is considered next to impossible. But "impossible" is a word unknown to engineers. The disinclination of the Government is, however, a serious item in the obstacles to be incurred.

The *Clamor Publico*, of Madrid, has the following from Corunna, dated the 5th:—"There has just been denounced to the tribunal of this city a man-wolf, who, upon his own confession, has been in the habit of going into the forests and killing and eating men, women, and children. He was captured in Castille. He has declared to the examining magistrate that he had two accomplices belonging to Valencia, and that they carried on a traffic with Portugal for the fat of their victims. This horrible monster added, that he had killed and eaten his mother and his sister."

The latest accounts from Sicily describe Etna as having been in full eruption since the 20th of August, and still threatening a large extent of fertile land with destruction.

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer is at Rome, where it is supposed he will finally arrange the liberation of Edward Murray, who still languishes in prison at Ancona, in so weak and prostrate a condition that it is feared his pardon may reach him too late.

#### THE COLONISTS AND THE COD-FISHING.

THE United States steam-frigate *Mississippi*, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Perry, returned to New York on the 2nd instant, from an active cruise to the fishing districts of British North America.

The Commodore and his officers have been most warmly received in all the colonial ports where he has landed.

Meanwhile, the colonists are enraged at the alleged termination of the dispute with America—the reciprocal interchange of fisheries, as announced, some weeks back, by the *Standard*, and backed by the *Morning Herald*. A meeting has been held in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and strong resolutions remonstrating with the Government on the alleged desertion of the colonies; and equally strong memorials to the Lieutenant-Governor and to the Queen have been drawn up by the Nova Scotians.

The gist of the remonstrance is contained in these passages taken from the memorials and the resolutions.

The resolutions begin by saying—

"That the citizens of Halifax feel deeply grateful to her Majesty's Government for the solicitude evinced by the determination to 'remove all ground of complaint on the part of the colonies in consequence of the encroachments of the fishing vessels of the United States upon the reserved fishing grounds of British America,' expressed in the despatch of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, dated the 22nd of May."

The next passages are from the memorial to Sir John Gaspard le Marchant:—

"By the terms of the Convention of 1818, the United States expressly renounced any right of fishing, within three marine miles from the coasts and shores of these colonies, or of entering their bays, creeks, and harbours, except for shelter, or for wood and water. If this restriction be removed, it must be obvious to your Excellency that it will be impossible to prevent the Americans from using our fishing grounds as freely as our own fishermen. They will be permitted to enter our bays and harbours, where, at all times, unless armed vessels are present in

every harbour, they will not only fish in common with our own fishermen, but they will bring with them contraband goods to exchange with the inhabitants for fish, to the great injury of colonial traders, and loss to the public revenue. The fish obtained by this illicit traffic will then be taken to the United States, where they will be entered as the produce of the American fisheries, while those exported from the colonies in a legal manner are subject to oppressive duties. We need not remind your Excellency, that the equivalent said to have been proposed—that of allowing our vessels to fish in the waters of the United States—is utterly valueless, and unworthy of a moment's consideration.

"We would fain hope that the reports which have appeared in the public press respecting the pending negotiations between the two Governments are without any good foundation. We cannot imagine that her Majesty's Government, after having taken prompt and decided measures to enforce the true construction of the treaty, will ever consent to such a modification of its terms as will render our highly valued rights a mere privilege to be enjoyed in common with foreigners.

"We therefore pray your Excellency to exert all your influence to induce her Majesty's Ministers to stay any further negotiations on this vitally important question until the rights and interests of the inhabitants of this province are more fully inquired into and vindicated."

The memorial to the Queen is rather fervently composed, and contains these paragraphs:—

"If conciliation, irrespective of right, be the principle on which is to be withdrawn the restriction against the entry of Americans into the bays and indentations of the coast to fish, limiting them alone to the distance of three miles from the shore, the concession of the privilege to fish within this latter distance must equally be granted—as, indeed, has been already urged in the American Congress—the restriction in both cases rests on the same authority; and the concession in each would be demanded by the same principle. It may not be the province of your Majesty's colonial subjects to suggest how far such a principle is consistent with national honour and independence; they have a right to pray that it be not carried out at their expense." \* \* \* "In the present case, the possession to be surrendered is no offspring of artificial arrangements, falling with a complicated policy of which it formed a part. No, may it please your Majesty, your loyal subjects in Nova Scotia raise their voice against the injury of an inheritance conferred upon your North American subjects by nature—connected with their soil by the laws and usages of nations—confirmed to them by solemn compact; and which practically enjoyed by them peculiarly, and as your Majesty's other subjects cannot enjoy them, can be surrendered only at their extreme injury and great loss."

Thus the Protectionist and Colonial Ministry are involved in a dispute with the colonists on very equivocal grounds; the Ministerial policy remaining confessedly a dark enigma.

#### GENERAL CASS ON INTERVENTION.

TAMMANY HALL, in New York, was filled with a crowded meeting on the 2nd of September in behalf of Pierce and King. General Cass addressed the meeting. As he grew warm, the General successively took off his coat and waistcoat. Among other topics he touched on the democratic doctrine of intervention:—

"Adverting to the external policy of the two parties, he said, in the first place, free intercourse with foreign nations has been the controlling principle of the democratic party—to do no wrong and to suffer none. We have been told by high whig authorities that the oppressed of other nations are welcome to hospitable graves in this country—that they may live here and die here. Look to the whig papers, and they will tell you that 'intervention' is interfering in the concerns of other nations. If the Emperor of Austria, or the Emperor of Russia, or the sabbie Emperor of Hayti, undertakes to violate the great principles of public law, and carry into effect their projects, we have the same right to declare that they shall not do so. Are we to stand still and see the laws of nations violated by the strong arm of despotism? (Cries of 'No, no!') I am glad to hear that response of 'No' from true-hearted Americans. You must not stand still and see the feeble oppressed and the strong triumphant. I do not advocate going to war—going to war now—but the time will come, and the time is coming, when the voice of this nation will be potential throughout the world. (Enthusiastic cheers.) I trust the time will soon come when not a hostile drum shall roll and not a hostile cannon be fired throughout the world, if we say, 'Your cause is not a just one.' (Loud cheers.) And a glorious consummation that will be for the establishment of true democratic principles. If any struggling nation bowed down by despotism shall rise against its oppressors, as we did, and that a neighbouring power shall interfere, and say, 'We are afraid to see established a republican government, as your example may injure my subjects,' shall that power be permitted to do so? I have been told by eminent whig authorities, but I pronounce it to be a great humbug, that a declaration on our part against such a violation of public law, is interfering in the affairs of other nations, in the sense which General Washington meant. I should like to know, in the name of common sense, if we adhere to the principles of public law, and if the Emperor of Russia says, 'I have a right to interfere in the internal disputes of nations,' and we declare that no one has a right to do so, if that is entering into 'entangling alliances?' And yet that humbug has been pressed with much pertinacity. One more topic and I shall close. 'Sympathy with foreign nations.' We feel a sympathy with struggling oppression. So did General Washington. He said that 'wherever an oppressed nation unfolds the banner of freedom, there my heart is with them.' That was the true doctrine of that day, and is the true doctrine of this. Yes, my friends, wherever

men are bowed down, wherever the image of God is defaced, wherever man is striving to pass out of darkness and turn to the light of truth and freedom, there the hearts of American democrats are with them, and say, 'God speed you—do as we have done in the establishment of free institutions, and then do as we are doing by maintaining liberty and law.'"

Is not this evidence of the deep furrow which Kosuth has ploughed in the history of the United States?

#### ROBERT LOWE AT KIDDERMINSTER.

In the dearth of politics, when Mr. Disraeli, compelled by stress of business, shirks his constituents, as Lord Derby did the agricultural gathering last month at Preston, it is refreshing to meet with the speech of a new man, at least new on the British platform, though well known in Australia, and powerful in the press.

Mr. Robert Lowe was entertained by his constituents at Kidderminster on Wednesday, when he made a striking speech, remarkably pertinent to the present state of politics. After paying a tribute to the cause of free-trade, and the memory of Peel, he turned upon the present ministry—

"Never before in the history of our country was a Ministry selected precisely because—and for no other reason—because they combined in holding a principle unanimously discarded by the country they were set to govern. (Laughter and cheers.) One might defy any one, in or out of her Majesty's Government, to point out any ground on which a member of that Government was selected, except that he was, above other men, a bitter and remorseless Protectionist. (Renewed laughter and cheers.) Now, that was bad enough; but there were Manichæans in politics as well as in religion, and it might appear probable that by way of a change it was worth our while to establish a Government to impersonate the evil principle of commercial legislation. (Laughter.) But was it ever heard, that after having done this, we retained the Government in office, because it meanly discarded and basely flung away the very principle that brought it in (cheers)—that it should take the worst principle it could find, ride into office on its shoulders, and then kick it down stairs? (Laughter and cheers.) That was unexampled, he (Mr. Lowe) would venture to say, in the history of this or any other country (hear, hear); and therefore, although he did believe the present Ministry had resigned the worn-out doctrine of Protection, he must be excused from reposing in them the least more confidence than he did when they held and avowed that principle as their rule of conduct. (Laughter and cheers.) The interests of this country were great and manifold; they extended over a large portion of the world; they involved matters of utmost moment to us all: let us then select our Government on some intelligible principle. (Hear, hear.) If it pleased us to have them because of their being Protectionists, let us require them to stick to protection; if they thought proper to give it up, what business had they in office (hear, hear)—men who had surrendered the only principle they ever had, and taken no new one whatever in exchange?" (Cheers.)

Again:—

"Lord Derby's Government came into office as Protectionists. What were they there for now? They told us they were in office in order to 'preserve the altar and the throne.' Very good objects certainly; but who was there that wished to lay his sacrilegious hand upon the altar, or to stretch forth his traitorous arm against the throne?" (Cheers.)

And he likened the trick to the *coup-d'état* of the 2nd of December, with great effect. After describing the kind of men who might bridle democracy, supposing democracy needed the bit, he asked—

"But were the present Government the men—those who had been arraying class against class, and teaching us to live like wild beasts preying upon one another? Was it to be done by the friends of the Duke of Richmond, who talked about bringing fire and sword into the camp (laughter and cheers)? or the farmers, who reminded us that they possessed all the horses in the country, and intimidated us with the prospect of an agricultural invasion? (renewed laughter and cheering) or my Lord Derby, who only last year could find no milder terms in which to stir up the tepid enthusiasm of his agricultural supporters than those of the Duke of Wellington, 'Up, Guards, and at them?' (Cheers.) Were those the men that would assuage popular fury? Rather, if such a crisis as they predicted were to come, were they not the men who would be its first victims instead of its repressors? It was all very well to talk about 'putting down democracy,' but this country was not to be ruled, like France or Germany, by the sword. (Cheers.) We (continued Mr. Lowe) we are free, and we mean to have our will. (Great cheering.) And if it should be our will—which I trust it never shall be—to change our admirable monarchy, and our admirable constitution, for unbridled democracy, it is not my Lord Derby, nor my Lord Malmesbury (laughter), nor Sir F. Kelly (renewed laughter), no, nor a thousand such men, long banded together against our commercial freedom, that would stop the onward movement of public opinion a single inch. (Cheers.) It may be, in France, that when the people elect a President they elect a master; but that is not so in England; we appoint our Ministers, not to be our masters, but to execute our will. (Cheers.) It is from us that the power is derived. (Renewed cheering.) We do not appoint a Government to check and to control us—us, the people of England (hear, hear); we appoint it to bear the sword of justice, to curb malefactors, to make the laws obeyed, but not to set itself against public opinion (hear, hear), not to say to the united will of a great nation, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further.' (Cheers.) We can set our own limit—we can legislate for ourselves and fix the limits, without seeking for control from men who

have been notoriously wrong in every principle they ever advocated (hear, hear), and now only seek to repair that error by a sordid desertion of those principles for the mere purpose of retaining place and office. (Loud cries of 'Hear, hear.') But I will go a little further, and say that not only is it not the business of Government to set itself against public opinion, even though they should think that tendency of the public mind to be wrong, but I will say that those men are unable to read the signs of the times, unfit to be entrusted with the government of mankind, unfit to be made responsible for anything more than their own paltry existences, who cannot read in the present day that there is, whether for good or for evil, happily or unhappily for the human race, with the inscrutable will of the all-wise Author of the Universe, an unalterable tendency towards democratic equality." (Loud cries of 'Hear, hear.')

Mr. Lowe showed, in support of his "fact," that democracy on the continent was only met by brute force; neither the Jesuits nor any principle being able to stand against it. He was rather hard upon Mr. Disraeli—

"There was, he observed, a certain class of shabby-genteel persons in the world, who went about thrusting sixpenny pamphlets into people's hands, undertaking to pay off the national debt, and make us all happy and rich. (A laugh.) There would always be such men as long as the constitution of our nature remained the same, but never till now did that class of persons storm the battlements of office, and instal itself as it was now personified in the Chancellor of the Exchequer. (Laughter.) A supporter of Ministers told us the other day that he had confidence in a seer who had conjured up in the dim obscure a financial system looming in the distance, and he had no doubt it would hit where the shoe pinched. (Roars of laughter.) In that luminous sentence we had the entire political faith of the Cabinet. They had discarded their principles; they had not a rag to hold to; they had taken nothing in exchange; and they were waiting till it should please the mighty magician, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to tell them what they were to be. (Laughter.) To this pass had a number of the gentlemen of England fallen, that they were waiting for their principles till they should drop from Mr. Disraeli's hand, like manna in the desert (laughter), ready to gather them up greedily, and ask no questions whatever. (Laughter.)"

And he represented the Protectionists as "having nothing whatever to steer by except Disraeli's head rising above the waves."

Having exhausted politics, Mr. Lowe was instructive and premonitory on emigration:—

"A large emigration had taken place to Australia, but he did not believe it would stop here; we were in 'the beginning of the end.' It was a most serious thing for all persons employing labour, what the end of that emigration would be. The temptations it held out were so manifest, and the resources of the country so manifold, that it was difficult to anticipate the extent of that emigration. Already it had begun to raise wages (hear), but it was not to be supposed that a little alteration would tempt those who contemplated emigration to give it up. The habit of emigration once afloat, it would probably continue until wages should be very considerably raised. He (Mr. Lowe) believed that on the one side we should see pauperism, as far as able-bodied persons were concerned, abolished, and labourers never knowing what it was to want the necessities, or even the comforts, of life (hear, hear); but, on the other hand, the cost of production of those articles on which our trade and commerce depended would be greatly increased, and all whose success depended on keeping down that cost of production ought to take this into serious consideration. (Hear.) He would not say that they could obviate it, but something they could do. They must increase the efficiency of their labour. (Hear.) If they had less of it, what they had must do more. (Hear.) In two ways it must do more; by associating itself with those natural powers which we had found means to subject to our will under the name of machinery, and by being directed by a quick, and lively, and instructed intelligence. (Hear, hear.) We must make our labour more efficient; and, to make it more efficient, we must educate it better. (Hear.) He was aware that he was touching on delicate ground—on controversial topics. This question was usually considered as a religious, or, rather, a sectarian question. (Hear, hear.) To the present audience, in that view of the case, he should say nothing whatever; but he must state that, besides its religious aspect, it was also an economical question (hear, hear), a question which touched the future hopes and prospects of this country to the very quick (hear, hear), and upon the solution of which, right or wrong, it depended whether this country was to go on in its magnificent course, or to retrograde in the scale of nations. (Hear, hear.) He would use all the means he could to bring this matter before the attention of the legislature (hear); not with the view of superseding the religious aspect of the question at all, but of pointing out—which did not seem sufficiently understood—that if there were no good in secular education, if (as was said) the mere cultivation of the intellect did nothing towards reclaiming the heart, still, for the purposes of manufacturing industry, for the purpose of 'making both ends meet,' of preserving to our manufacturers and agriculturists any profits at all under the rise in the price of labour with which we were threatened, it was absolutely necessary that the question should be dealt with, and that immediate steps be taken towards the instruction of the people of England. (Loud cries of 'Hear, hear.') We had not an hour to lose." (Hear.)

Lord Ward, and other speakers, no doubt pretty much amazed at the freedom of the new member, followed, and the company sat late at table.

The important feature in the latter portion of the proceedings was a suggestion that fell from Mr. Lowe

in proposing a toast. He observed that he looked in vain in Kidderminster for a large room like that in which the dinner took place available for concerts, lectures, discussions, and any innocent and rational recreation which might draw the working-classes from coarser indulgences, and raise them in the scale of humanity. He observed that the large assemblage at yesterday's dinner had become possible only through the liberality of two gentlemen who were fitting up that room for a different purpose; but, if that could be done by one firm for purposes of gain, surely all together could provide such a room for the purpose of the progress and enlightenment of their operatives. The suggestion was warmly responded to by subsequent speakers, and a hope was expressed by them that steps would be taken to carry it into effect.

#### LORD CARLISLE LECTURING AT MORPETH.

SINCE the Earl of Carlisle lectured to a Mechanics' Institute, he has had imitators both in his own class and in classes not of such conventional elevation. But, probably, Lord Carlisle is the most popular of all the aristocratic lecturers; and the only Cabinet Minister who ever lectured at all. His Leeds lecture, on "The Poetry of Pope," he has lately delivered to the good folks of Morpeth; and he made the following speech in reply to a vote of thanks for his lecture:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—You must allow me, in a few words, to express my very deep sense of the honour I have just received at your hands, in the first place to the mover and seconder of the late resolution which they have so considerably brought forward and so very kindly as regards myself, and to yourselves for the prompt and cordial manner in which you have received what they proposed. I assure you, when I found that it would be acceptable to the members of the Morpeth Mechanics' Institute and their friends to hear me read a lecture, I felt quite justified in embracing the opportunity which a short visit to this town put in my power to comply with a request so obligingly made. I felt also there was something not wholly inappropriate in a lecture which had been read for the first time among those who witnessed the close of my political life—my old constituents of the West Riding of Yorkshire—being repeated among those who witnessed the commencement of my political life, my first constituents in the ancient borough of Morpeth. With reference to the lecture itself which I have had the honour of reading to you, it has been once or twice said to me, 'Do you think that the audience you assemble to hear your lectures would be likely to relish a lecture on the poetry of Pope; and might it not be better to compose a lecture which more directly tended to promote the cause of moral improvement?' Now, with respect to this matter, I have only to say—first, with regard to any want of sympathy in my audiences, I always feel inclined to believe that where there is the real presence of beauty or delicacy, or fine and high feeling, it is always sure to strike a responsive cord in all human bosoms, and if I wanted my assurance corroborated on this point, I am certain I should find it in the very attentive and intelligent hearing which you have given to my lecture this evening. With reference to the other point, as to the absence of any direct purpose of moral utility in the topic I have chosen, I certainly do not wish to assign to works of fancy or the compositions of poetry any higher place than they really occupy. But as we see in the physical earth on which we tread, among all its abundant stores of useful and substantial products—its stone, its coal, its iron, and its lead—there are also veins of more precious, shining metal, its gold and silver, and as even in its darkest recesses and its deepest fissures you will find sparkling gems and precious stones, its diamonds, its rubies, and its garnets, so I believe that among those matters which more directly minister both to our temporal advancement and our spiritual progress, while we give them their just and lawful supremacy, the Supreme Architect of nature, the Founder both of the material and the moral world around us, has wished that we should enjoy and appropriate to ourselves the sparkle and the play of life—all that is contributed by the rich stores of fancy, and by the gorgeous dreams of poetry—not in preference to, but in conjunction with the more grave and essential matters which minister to our material, intellectual, and spiritual growth. It is with these feelings that I have felt no reluctance to ask you for a little while to indulge in those more light and graceful objects of pursuit, not wishing to place them above those of real importance, but thinking it would be not wholly inappropriate to diversify the handiwork occupations of our daily lives with a little fancy and a little poetry. (Renewed cheers.) The audiences which I have always wished to draw around me are those connected with mechanics' institutions, the working and laborious portion of the community, because I really wished to express my sense of the real dignity of labour, and of the important part which it plays both in advancing our national greatness and the general amelioration of mankind. I wished to evince my respect for those who contribute either by the strength of their sinews, or by their ingenuity and resource to the comfort and well-being of the community, and by coming among them, to show how much I feel that we are all members of the same community, and that we have all the same great end before us, that of contributing, as far as we can, in our day and generation, to the prosperity of our common country, and to advance the great work of human progress. I am sure among the institutions which in our day are distinguishing themselves in this onward course, it will always be a great gratification to me to hear of the prosperity of the mechanics' institute of this town. For reasons dating through some centuries now, I have a right to feel strongly

interested in this town; that interest has been confirmed by the uniform kindness I have always experienced among you, and I wish that both in your ordinary occupations and in the rational amusements with which you diversify your daily life, you may always pursue that which is 'honest, pure, lovely, and of good report,' and that all such liberal institutions may flourish among you to the very utmost. I shall not forget the kindness with which you have received me, and I beg permission to take my leave of you with every good wish for your happiness and well-being, and more especially for the prosperity of your valuable institution." (Loud cheers.)

Lord Carlisle is decidedly a local prophet, not without honour in the land of the Howards.

#### EMIGRATION DOINGS.

THE Irish are swarming forth from their old hive; spare English are steaming and sailing away to Australia; Germans and Norwegians go to the backwoods; New York sends large contingents to the Austral diggings; and, above all, the Chinese, furnishing the most remarkable fact in this class of subjects, are emigrating by thousands to the islands of the Pacific, to California, and the western coast of South America, and our Australian colony.

Our own emigration feats have been considerable, quite independent of Government assistance, which is rather obstructive, though there is no reason why it should be. But public departments are unaccountable things; and wherever there is a *bureau* and bureaucrats, there mismanagement, routine, and inefficiency seem inevitable accompaniments. Why, for instance, should not Bristol be a Government emigration port? Independent emigration has tested its fitness; and vague rumours of great plans for increasing its business as a port reach us now and then. Emigration will go on, and should be facilitated. Bristol has already sent forth its quota; and there are now six large first-class vessels lying in her quays bound for Australia; and it is estimated that, beside the 1695 passengers who have already left, the number of emigrants during the present year will be upwards of 4000. In addition to its own immediate district, a number of emigrants leave the port of Bristol from the Midland Counties, Devon, Cornwall, and South Wales. The following (from Custom-house authority) is the number of ships with emigrants which have left the port during the last eight years, ending the 31st of December: 1844, 10 ships, 159 passengers; 1845, 10 ships, 198 passengers; 1846, 6 ships, 182 passengers; 1847, 12 ships, 623 passengers; 1848, 20 ships, 1473 passengers; 1849, 24 ships, 1895 passengers; 1850, 22 ships, 1920 passengers; 1851, 29 ships, 1958 passengers; and, for the six months ending the 30th of June, 1852, 14 ships, 1695 passengers.

In connexion with this topic, we observe that the long-talked-of project for crossing the wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean by steam is said to be, at length, in a fair train for consummation. In about a year powerful screw steam-ships will be placed on the station, to run to and from Panama and Sydney, touching at Tahiti and New Zealand. The Australasian Pacific Mail Steam Company, recently incorporated by Royal charter, are now pressing forward their arrangements for taking up the line, and have contracted for the immediate construction of five iron screw steam-ships of 1560 tons burden and 300-horse power. The vessels being of iron, it was considered more conducive to harmony of action for the ship and engines to be included in one contract; accordingly the builders of the ship will also manufacture the machinery. The first vessel is to be ready in nine months from the present date, and will be at once despatched to Sydney as a pioneer of the line, and thence to occupy the Pacific station to Panama. The communication each way is to be monthly, and the Australasian Company's steam-ships will run in correspondence with the direct West India mail steamers from Chagres to Southampton. It is anticipated that Sydney will thus be reached in 50 to 55 days from Southampton.

#### MRS. CHISHOLM'S SPEECH ON BOARD THE BALLENGEICH.

[We have been favoured with the interesting, but hitherto unreported speech of Mrs. Chisholm, delivered by her at the banquet given on board the *Ballengeich*, lately despatched from Southampton, and chartered by the enterprise of Mr. Wyndham Harding. The excellent spirit of the address must be our apology for its insertion after so long an interval.]

I rise, as a wife and a mother, to acknowledge the toast my friend Mr. Harding has given. And I will take this opportunity of mentioning one or two facts in my life, which may be interesting, as showing how I was led to the task in which the greater part of that life has been passed.

The idea of life being a task leading, when well performed, on to the inexpressible happiness of heaven, I learnt on the knee of Leigh Richmond, when a mere



child. And I remember myself, after this, in my childish play, playing with boats of walnut-shells, at removing the separated members of families across the sea to rejoin each other in a foreign country. And I also distinctly remember putting a Wesleyan preacher and a Roman-catholic priest in the same shell, as being part of my play. My notions on these points must have arisen from the practice of my mother of letting me stop in the room when neighbours called, some of whom were travellers, and men of thought, and talked of missions—missionaries then beginning to be a topic of conversation. These ideas continually haunted me as I grew up. And I had the advantage of a mother, to whom I owe whatever energy of character I have; for it was her constant maxim to me, never to shed a tear, or allow a fear to turn me from my purpose.

My mind also spontaneously turned to religious speculation; so that I had persuaded myself, at sixteen, that I ought to declare myself a Roman Catholic by conviction, and decline to be confirmed according to the ritual of the Church of England, in which I had been bred up. Shortly after this, I engaged myself to the bond of marriage. The man to whom I was betrothed was an officer in the Indian army. And before I betrothed myself to him, I told him, I felt within myself that a commission had been given me from above to devote all my energies to relieving human suffering wherever the scene of his duties might lie abroad. That, as this might interfere with his domestic enjoyment, it was right he should know before we were joined in marriage.

He at once agreed to marry me on this condition, to which, as Mr. Harding has stated, he most faithfully adhered, and is at this day adhering: as because we found that the time was come when it was absolutely needful that a competent agent to look after the interests of the emigrants on landing in the colony, whom we had sent out in 1850, from this country, and Captain Chisholm at once resolved to go to Australia at his own expense, and we accordingly halved our small income, and separated. In this, then, I have been favoured by Providence, as I have been in my children, with whom God has blessed us, and whose nurture and education was the only point my husband and myself had agreed to reserve before we married, as taking the first place in our plan of life. We went to India, and there I founded an institution for the daughters of European soldiers, called, a "Female School of Industry," several of which still exist. In 1838, we visited Australia for change of air. There I found some hundred single females, unprotected, unemployed; numbers more continuing to arrive in ships; and almost the whole falling into an immoral course of life, as a necessary result. I applied myself to the task of getting these poor creatures into safety, and decent situations as servants. I met with discouragement on all hands; but I persevered, and I succeeded in my object. The Governor, at length, allowed me to sleep in a small room with the girls at the Emigrants' Barracks. It was, it is true, full of rats, as I found the first night I entered it; but these I poisoned, and stuck to my post. I was thus able to get a personal influence and control over the girls. I founded a college to get them engagements in the Bush, and I got out some hundreds of girls into good places. In pursuing this object I at length found it necessary to take large parties of these unprotected girls into the Bush to procure places, and that I must accompany these parties myself. This I did for several years. The parties varied from 100 to 150 each. So I worked on for many years in Australia. I advanced much money for the conveyance of emigrants; but so honestly was I repaid these advances, that all my losses did not amount during this period to 20%. And, under God's blessing, I was the means of procuring engagements, and of settling no less than 1,000 souls, in the aggregate, before I left—a vast proportion of whom being young females, were saved from falling into a life of infamy. I shall never forget the warmth of my reception this day, and that of the health of my husband and children, whom I have bred up in the maxim—to trust to themselves, and work for themselves; and never, if they have any regard for their mother's memory, to look for Government patronage, or take Government Pay.

#### PROGRESS OF ASSOCIATION.

##### THE BOARD OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

We are enabled to state that a Provisional Committee has been formed to consider the plan of a *Board of Supply and Demand*, suggested by M. J. Lechevalier St. André.

##### THE JESUITS IN SICILY.

The friends of the Jesuits and of monks may have been recently rejoiced to learn, through Lord Shrewsbury, that the city of Palermo possesses a free school for boys, and a college of young students who pay for their education, belonging to the Jesuits, in addition to 44 convents and 23 nunneries. An English journal has eagerly adopted these statements, and in disdainfully repudiating the desire expressed by Lord Shrewsbury to see similar establishments transplanted into England, has stigmatized Sicily with the severe irony of "barbarous."

In a country not self-governed, we must always make a clear distinction between the nation and the government. The government tends to barbarize the nation; but the nation, though stripped of its political institutions, may yet preserve some institutions which derive from a moral order of things that prevailed in better times, and may so cling to civilization in the midst of bayonets, monks, and Jesuits. Thus, it would be unfair to call France "barbarous" because she has

fallen under the rule of bayonets, of monks, of Jesuits, and of a priesthood more servile than the clergy of any other Catholic country. Without drawing any distinction between the nation and the government, the *Times* in a recent article derided the miseries of Sicily, the country which has made the noblest efforts to reconquer independence, and which in spite of misfortune has by her very efforts proved worthy of a better lot, or at least not deserving to be struck from the list of civilized nations.

Let us examine, however, the real extent of the influence of the Jesuits in Sicily.

For the thirty-seven years during which the Jesuits were suppressed in Sicily—namely, from 1767 to 1804, public instruction, which had been almost a monopoly in their hands, was entrusted to secular Lyceums, under a direction composed of the men of the highest intellectual eminence in the country. The literary history of Sicily in the eighteenth century, (by Scinà Palermo, 1827,) describes the revolution effected by the expulsion of the Jesuits in the intellectual culture of the nation. When the Bourbons of Sicily were the first in Europe (after Russia) to restore the Jesuits, it was too late to extinguish the light or to arrest the progress of intelligence. The Jesuits, on their return to the island, recovered only a fraction of the property and of the establishments they had formerly possessed—the bulk of them having been already disposed of; and they found themselves (as they remain to this day) excluded from all the great towns except Palermo. They have not a single establishment at Messina, nor at Catania, nor at Syracuse, nor at Gergenti, nor at Caltagirone, nor at Trapani. During this interval of enlightenment, Sicily could boast of distinguished savants; such as Piazzzi, the astronomer; Gioeni, the naturalist; Gregorio, the publicist; Balsamo, the economist; Meli, the poet; Giovanni and Salvatori di Blasis, the theologians. Besides the ancient University of Catania, she had founded another at Palermo, to which the majority of her savants were attached. The restoration of the Jesuits encountered the powerful opposition of all the talents in the island. Restricted to the capital, and to six other towns, which, with Palermo, constitute barely 300,000 souls, or not quite an eighth of the entire population of the island, they could only to this limited degree enter into competition with the communal schools, whether private or governmental, for the instruction which is called in France "secondary," that is, elementary Italian and Latin literature; whilst all the rest of the secondary schools, and the whole of the primary schools and universities continued exempt from their influence.

The University of Palermo, and the magistracy to which public instruction was entrusted, continually resisted their encroachments; and it would be possible to name one town where, on an attempt being made to introduce the Jesuits, the entire population expressed their aversion to them by petitions unanimously signed and presented to the Government; and another, from which they were ignominiously expelled by the indignation of the people in 1848.

Lord Shrewsbury says, that 800 boys are educated at Palermo in the Jesuit schools. For a population of nearly 200,000, this number (supposing it to be exact), is not very large. Even admitting that a third of the youth destined for the liberal professions have the misfortune to receive instruction in the secondary schools of the Jesuits, rather than in the normal schools of public instruction, or in the numerous private establishments, the evil is not so great as it seems. In the first place, as the Jesuits only give "secondary instruction," almost all who receive it in their schools must necessarily pass into one or other of the three universities for the higher branches of education, to fit themselves for the professions. This transition opens to them a new field of intellectual culture, which wholly effaces the old. More to be pitied are the children who are educated at the schools of the Jesuits, in preference to the colleges of the good Fathers Scolopi, or in private academies. The number of these children does not exceed 40 or 50; they belong to rich and noble families, and having no need of a profession, they do not ordinarily proceed from these schools to the universities to reform or to advance their education.

Whilst, however, the Jesuits have displayed such zeal in extending their miserable system at Palermo, there have been found in that same city honourable citizens who have constantly striven to promote the interests of a real and sound instruction. The Academy of Sciences, and the Communal Library, which are now placed under the auspices of the municipality, were founded by private individuals—the one in 1719, the other in 1760. A college and school of navigation, from which have proceeded the ablest and most skilful pilots in the Mediterranean, was founded and richly endowed in 1789 by Joseph Gioeni; a public picture gallery was established

in 1815 by Joseph Ventimiglia, Prince de Belmonte; an agricultural institute, endowed with rich lands in the neighbourhood of Palermo, and with a sum of 2000 ounces (1000*l.*) per annum, was founded in 1829 by the Prince de Castelnovo. A prize of 400 ounces (200*l.*) to be given every fourth year to the student who should have distinguished himself most in the study of Greek and Latin literature, and of Sicilian history, was founded in 1834 by Paul di Giovanni. In fine, there is one fact which alone proves that Sicily will never become the abject pupil of the Jesuits, as the *Times* conjectures. During the eighteen months' freedom of the island in 1848 and 1849, the Sicilian Parliament lost no time in suppressing the schools and foundations of the Jesuits, and in replacing them by national institutes. It proceeded also to suppress the monastic orders, commencing with the Liguorini.

It is against the will of the Nation that the Government maintains in Sicily such a prodigious number of convents.

Since the *coup d'état* of 1816, when Sicily was stripped of her ancient constitution, and of her later constitution of 1812 at one blow, the Bourbons have continued to impose upon her the Codes and the French system, as it prevailed in the kingdom of Naples under Murat, and they have always attacked all that savoured of old Sicily, except the monks. In this regard, the Bourbons have acted rather as the slaves of Rome than in their own interests. Generally speaking, the convents in their present condition bring no advantage to the Government, since neither their material nor their intellectual resources enable them to influence, after the manner of the Jesuits, the moral, intellectual, or political education of the country: whilst, on the other hand, a positive evil is caused by withdrawing from a society not over-populated a great number of families who might otherwise be usefully employed in industrial and professional pursuits.

Formerly, it was considered that to protect the material prosperity of a country was as useful to absolutism as to free governments, but that was an illusion. Certainly the nations have no hope of the future but in free governments; but is it not melancholy to find a portion of the press of a free country declaiming against the evil instead of denouncing the cause, and holding up the victim to scorn rather than the murderer to execration?

G.

#### CORSICA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

[We find in the *Morning Chronicle* the following account of the state of Corsica, so amazing and so full of interest, that we reprint it in full.]

It has been said that, in the ordinary course of retribution in this world, a man's smallest sins are always more heavily punished than his graver delinquencies; and we are really sometimes tempted to believe that the obliquities of nations observe the same rule of requital. Among the very lightest offences of France against independent nationalities, was her annexation of Corsica in 1768; and, indeed, the original injustice has been more than compensated by the unmixed advantages which the island has obtained through the union. It would almost seem, however, as if Corsica had been the commissioned delegate of all the vengeance which Belgium, Spain, Prussia, and Piedmont have scored up against their insatiable neighbour. Corsica at this moment governs France. A Corsican has fastened a yoke upon her neck more galling than the chains of the haughtiest Bourbon, and a Corsican oligarchy is dividing the rich spoils of her patronage, or assisting to crush her spirit and to perpetuate her servitude. During the last war, the foremost missile hurled by the libellists at the Emperor, was his Corsican extraction. But the idiosyncrasy of Napoleon was far too strongly marked to admit of his being classed under any particular type of national character; and his mind, in common with those of all his adoptive fellow-countrymen, had been formed and tempered in the fiery crucible of the first Revolution. The point of his birth possessed as little real importance as the question which has been recently agitated respecting the exact day on which it took place. It is far otherwise with Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—the son of an Italian and a Creole—who never set foot on French soil, except to pass and repass on the road to a prison, from the close of his early childhood to the hour when the means of usurpation were put at his disposal. The present autocrat of France has none of the excellencies or defects, and very few of the cognisable features, of the French character. He is silent, shy, and morose. His abilities, which are doubtless considerable, lie not on the surface, but in the depths. Well read, and skilful with his pen, he is essentially unsocial. Ambitious, he seems comparatively careless of the shows of power. His personal indulgence, though unrestrained, is more systematic than extravagant. Although he is relentless in the purpose of requital, he knows how to conceal his sense of wrong, and to defer his cherished vengeance. Great as is the suffering he has at times inflicted, he appears to be cruel rather at the crisis of opportunity than at the climax of passion. Such peculiarities are not the tokens of a Frenchman, and they are reproduced at his feet in the crowd of Corsican favourites among whom he scatters the morsels of the dominion which he has engrossed. The office which approaches nearest to that of Prime Minister was filled, till the other day, by the Corsican bailiff of the Bonaparte family; and wherever there is a post or a distinction

which can be conferred on a relative or a countryman without risk of a public danger from lack of fitness in the recipient, be sure that it is reserved for an Abbateucci, a Gavini, an Arrighi, an Ornano, or a Casabianca.

What, then, is that little island, whose sons are only prevented by their paucity, or their want of individual capacity, from constituting the entire administrative hierarchy of France? Corsica, as everybody knows, is a French department. It has a Prefect and Sub-Prefects. It enjoys a Court of Appeal, a Court of First Instance, a Court of Assize, and a satisfactory number of *Juges de Paix*. It possesses a national guard and a gendarmerie. Yet, beneath all this bristling exterior of French governmental mechanism, Corsica is not French. It is Italian; and beyond this, it is more Italian than Italy itself. It is infinitely more strange, savage, and primitive than the most backward portions of the peninsula to which it belongs by geographical contiguity and affinity of race. All the singularities which, at any period of our lives, have made up our conception of Italian society—all the social disarrangements which have at any time borne witness, like a running sore, to the diseased organization of the Italian communities—may be seen existing, side by side, in that Imperial island. Do you wish to make a closer acquaintance with those banditti who, in our fathers' eyes, formed the staple product of Italian soil, and lent its chief interest to Italian travel? The whole surface of Corsica is parcelled out among some two hundred robber-chieftains, each of whom confines himself to his particular district, drawing from it a comfortable revenue of irregular imposts and permanent blackmail; nay, indeed, he will sometimes reside, like an Irish absentee landlord, on the neighbouring coast of Sardinia, and exact, on occasional visits, or by deputy, the proceeds of his patrimonial pillage. Do you wish to create for yourself a belief in Udolpho, and in the tortuous crimes of which that memorable fortress was the theatre? There are fifty Udolphos in Corsica, and each of them has its "mysteries," as dark and as labyrinthine as any which ever unfolded themselves in the brain of Mrs. Radcliffe. Or would you understand that hopeless blending of family quarrels with the heats of faction which bewilders the student of early Italian politics? Every village in Corsica, like the cities of mediæval Italy, is distracted by a schism of immemorial date between the members and retainers of its two principal families; while modern political distinctions are absorbed by, and lend intensity to, the original feud. Even the private wars which, proceeding on the letter of the *lex talionis*, decimated Europe in the eleventh and twelfth centuries with alternate, and therefore infinite, revenge, have their counterpart in a perpetual play of sanguinary outrages. Every man in Corsica walks armed in broad daylight—every man is a client of some great House, and calls himself a Capulet or Montague—every man is ready at all times to pistol an opponent on much smaller provocation than the biting of a thumb—while political elections are regarded, as a matter of course, in the light of legitimate occasions for a downright battle. And the Corsican law of honour inexorably demands that every wound, received in any kind of encounter, must be returned to the offending party or a relative, down to the fourth generation. You have the *vendetta* in Corsica, and you might have at any moment the Sicilian Vespers, if the island did not exercise a profitable sovereignty over its foreign masters. Romance, melodrama, and ancient story, are all realized together in a province of the most sternly governed Empire in all Europe.

We have not in the least exaggerated the result of the accounts which have just been received from Corsica. The political disturbances of the last four years have given such licence, and communicated such a character of ferocity to the chronic distractions of the island, that the French Executive has been at last compelled to institute an inquiry, and to promise energetic suppression. Our readers will form their own opinion on some of the facts which have been ascertained. In May, 1848, the Filippi and Petrignani—the two great families of Venzolasco, which is distant but a few miles from Bastia—encountered each other, with their respective clients, at the elections for the National Assembly. A regular engagement ensued, in which two persons were killed and a large number wounded. The rule of retaliation for the injuries then received has, in the interval between 1848 and the present time, caused about ten persons to be taken off by private assassination. One of these was the priest Chivacchini, a partisan of the Filippi, who was shot while descending the steps of the altar. It should be observed that the contending parties generally reside together in the same village or district; for example, the mansion-houses of the Filippi and Petrignani, regularly fortified and sentinelled, are immediately opposite each other, in the street of Venzolasco. One exception, however, is noted in the case of Pica and Canale, near Ajaccio, which are respectively the exclusive strongholds of a particular faction. The inhabitants of the two villages are generally careful to meet only at church, where they scrupulously confine themselves to their respective halves of the building; but if a villager of Pica has to pass through Canale, he takes his rifle as a matter of course—levels it at the windows of each house he passes—and fires if he perceives the least movement, which indeed is only too likely to arise from the preparations of a gentleman so equipped. The feud, however, which is commemorated as of oldest date, and as making the nearest approach to regular war, is that of the Giustiniani and Forcioli at Cicala. The town is built on a hill. The castle of the Forcioli is at the bottom, and that of the Giustiniani at the summit. The latter consists of four circles or courts, one within another, the family residing for safety in the innermost circle. But inasmuch as this construction is unfavourable for keeping watch on the enemy below, an immensely high tower has been added to the mansion. This tower has been built within the last five years, and is provided with regular embrasures for cannon. It is noticed, too, as a historical fact connected with the feud in question, that after the scales of warfare had long trembled between the two families, the superiority has recently been secured by the Giustiniani, whose greater wealth has

enabled them to enter into a treaty of formal alliance with one or two famous captains of banditti in the immediate neighbourhood.

But perhaps the incident, or series of incidents, which most strongly illustrates the whole condition of manners in Corsica, is presented by the case of Signor Malaspina de Lunio, with which we will close our selection of examples. The son of M. Malaspina had demanded in marriage the daughter of an old gentleman belonging to the opposite local faction. He was refused point-blank—an insult which he shortly revenged by shooting the father of the lady whom he had intended to wed. The relatives of the murdered man were instantly on the alert, but they were anticipated by the police. M. Malaspina the younger was arrested, tried, and condemned to six years' imprisonment. Afterwards, however, through the influence of the Bonapartes, the term of his confinement was abridged to three years—an act of grace which his enemies very reasonably considered as materially altering the state of accounts between themselves and the Malaspinas. A balance having been struck, it was determined that some act of aggression was absolutely necessary, but what was it to be? The actual offender had still a part of his sentence to expiate, and he was safe from them, for the time, within the walls of a prison. Incredible as it may seem, their final resolution was to murder his father. An ambuscade was planned, and the elder Malaspina was assassinated in one of the government diligences.

It is remarkable that the completest administrative machinery which the wit of man ever devised for producing uniformity in the external habits of a people, should have failed to bring down this singular exception to the common level. It is still more remarkable that the exceptional province should be supplying the empire with a new aristocracy. There are some who persuade themselves that the eclipse of letters, the discouragement of education, the superstition of the priesthood, and the oppressiveness of the Executive, are not necessarily brutalizing the intellect of France. What sort of influence do they suppose will be exerted by a system which is gradually filling her high places with needy immigrants from a nest of barbarians?

#### OPERATIC ASSOCIATION.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

TOWARDS the close of the last season of Her Majesty's Theatre, it was reported that steps were being taken to remove, for the future, certain disadvantages under which the establishment had laboured, and to introduce and inaugurate a new era of administrative energy and ability. These rumours have now, we rejoice to learn, taken form and consistency. The programme of the proposed scheme has been matured and decided upon; and everything now bids fair for its immediate practical realization.

The Association, which is in the course of being organized, comprises, as its leading members, not a few of the most distinguished patrons of operatic art of the day. The trustees will be the Duke of Leinster, the Marquis of Clanricarde, Mr. Frederick Mildred, and Mr. Benjamin Oliveira, M.P. The Marquis of Clanricarde is also to be the president of the committee, which at present includes the Earl of Harrington, Major-General Cavendish, Sir John Bayley, and Mr. Barry Baldwin. The prospectus published gives a brief, but clear and most encouraging outline of the proposed arrangements. It dilates upon the peculiar advantages of the situation of Her Majesty's Theatre, as near the Palaces of the Sovereign, the Houses of Parliament, and the clubs; and it justly adverts to the beauty of the interior of the theatre, the harmony of its proportions, and its unrivalled acoustic construction, as admirably fitting it for the production of the masterpieces of the greatest musicians—not forgetting to hint at its old-established habits and associations, and at its having been the scene of the triumphs of all the leading artists of Europe. It is next announced that the present lease is being purchased for a sum of money represented by 20,000 paid-up shares—each share amounting to 5*l.*, which sum is to form the only liability of each shareholder. There will be 40,000 shareholders, representing a total capital of 200,000*l.* This sum will be invested as follows:—in the lease of the theatre and concert room, which has nearly forty years to run, 100,000*l.*; in the purchase of the properties, &c., 25,000*l.*; leaving an available ready capital to the amount of 75,000*l.* With this handsome sum to start upon, a managing director will be appointed, who will act under the control of the committee—the latter undertaking the entire responsibility of the receipts and expenditure. No name has yet been officially announced for the position in question; but it seems impossible to doubt that the committee will use every exertion to obtain the co-operation of the late manager, Mr. Lumley—whose unrivalled zeal, energy, and tact, have done so much to carry the theatre through stupendous difficulties, while his admirable judgment and taste have most powerfully contributed to promote the interests of the Lyric drama in this country. The appointment of that gentleman would, on every ground, afford the most lively satisfaction both to the *habitués* of the house, and to the public at large.

Such, then, is the general outline of the projected scheme. The personal privileges to be reserved to the

shareholders are to be defined and settled by the committee—a delicate and important matter, in which the committee will do well to come to no hasty conclusion; and the prospectus closes by expressing a hope that, with the theatre freed from many old trammels, and greatly improved in administration, an establishment will be realized which will prove the most distinguished reunion of science, art, and fashion hitherto known in Europe.

#### PADDLE, SCREW, AND SAIL.

(From the Shipping and Mercantile Gazette.)

DELIGHTED as we are to notice the rapidly increasing use of screw propellers in our Mercantile Marine, as auxiliary to the sail, and in hopeful anticipation that by this aid, peculiarly at hand to British Shipowners, they may be the better enabled to compete with foreigners, we cannot avoid correcting an impression, which apparently prevails, that the screw will supersede the paddle-wheel. For high velocities, as well as for shallow water, the wheel, we think, must continue to be preferred; whilst the experiment about to be tried, of uniting the propelling action of the screw and the wheel, for fast passenger steamers, would appear to us very likely to succeed. Indeed, constructive science owes too much to the ability of men so eminent as Mr. Brunel and Mr. Scott Russell, to throw any doubt upon the result of such a mechanical co-operation; and hence, although the ratio of increased appliance of the screw will, for a time at least, be the greater of the two, yet the building of paddle-wheel steamers, all circumstances considered, will be as progressively great as before. By the Custom-house returns of registered steam-vessels, made by order of the House of Commons, up to Jan. 1, 1852, we observe that there then belonged to the United Kingdom 1218 commercial steamers of various capacities, of which 1164 were propelled by wheels, and 54 by screws, and whose gross burthen, exclusive of their engine-rooms, amounted to 185,366 tons; so that, if paddle-wheel steamers only increase in the ratio of 20 per cent., with the vastly extending demand for their exclusive use, and those propelled by screws should be annually doubled, it would take many years to bring the latter to an equality. It does not, therefore, surprise, but rather pleases us, to find that the patented improvement of Mr. Lee Stevens, which is practically proved to be, on the whole, the lightest, strongest, cheapest, and most effective paddle-wheel invented, has been taken up by gentlemen of influence and enterprise, for immediate, and, we feel assured, successful and extensive application. The continued use of these wheels for upwards of nine months in the Thames, and elsewhere for about half that period, and their undeniable success—for instance, on board the *Twilight* and *Atalanta*—satisfactorily prove all that we ventured to say of their value, in the competitive trials to which they were subjected early in the year; avoidance of vibration, additional speed, economy of fuel, and reduced wear and tear of engines and vessels, being also very important matters of consideration; and for the inventor's sake, and still more so as promoting the improvement and extension of steam navigation throughout the world, we heartily wish prosperity to the Patent Paddle Wheel Company at home, without feeling any jealousy at their success under foreign patents abroad.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

In our last number we erroneously stated that Mr. F. O. Ward was present at the Tottenham Sanitary celebration.

The Order of the Black Eagle has been presented by the King of Prussia to the Duke of Cambridge.

Mr. John Bright has gone to Ireland with the view of studying in detail the land question. The reformers of Belfast have invited him to that city.

The *Scottish Press* reports that Mr. Macaulay is improved in health, and likely to take his seat next November.

Mr. John Twizell Wawn, late member for South Shields, was entertained at dinner by his old constituents on Thursday week. Mr. Ingham, M.P., and Mr. Blackett, M.P., were present.

Mr. Disraeli did not dine with the Royal Bucks Agricultural Association, on Wednesday. Absorbed in preparations for the coming session, he pleads that as an excuse for his absence.

The Dudley Gallery of pictures and Sculpture, containing the celebrated statue of the Greek Slave, by Hiram Power, also a Venus by Canova, is still open to the public (free), at the Egyptian-hall, Piccadilly, without orders or cards, every day but Mondays. Visitors are only required to write their names in a book kept for that purpose.

It has just been determined to build a new palace for the Queen at Balmoral. It is to be built on a site between the river and the present castle, fronting the south, and is estimated to cost from 80,000*l.* to 100,000*l.* A new bridge is to be thrown across the Dee; and the public road which now leads through the forest of Ballochbuie is to be shut up, and a better road provided along the south bank of the river. The old palace is to be entirely removed. The new palace is already staked out.

At the dinner of the Royal North Lancashire Agricultural Society, at Preston, one Mr. Michaelson, in his anxiety to bespeak a good reception for a toast to Earl Derby, overshot the mark, and hit his patron:—"When he was asked to propose the health of the Earl (tremendous cheering) he thought it was an honour that no man who had a h'p'orth of pluck about him would refuse. (Cheers.) Amongst them were persons of different religions and politics; but they could meet together, and throwing politics and religion to the winds, could freely enter into discussion upon agricultural interests. It was on those



grounds—it was on those principles—that he undertook to propose to them the health of the Earl of Derby, whose ancestors had many a time been drunk in Preston.” (Roars of laughter.)—*Birmingham Mercury*.

The Roman Catholic new church of “Our Lady of the Sea,” at Croom’s-hill, Greenwich, was solemnly consecrated according to the rites of that Church, on Thursday. Dr. Grant, the Bishop of Southwark, officiated, assisted by a numerous body of the clergy. The services commenced at seven o’clock in the morning, and continued till near one. The church is in the Gothic style, and one of the finest specimens of church architecture of modern date, and is situate in a commanding position on the brow of Croom’s-hill. The church is free of debt, with the exception of about 200*l*. The congregation is a large one, including about 600 pensioners. Schools in connexion with the church have been established. The choir is entirely self-supporting, including the organist.

According to the *Carlisle Journal*, Sir James Graham has addressed the following circular to the tenants of the Netherby estate:—“Sir James Graham, unsolicited, has pleasure in notifying to his tenantry, that they have his permission to hunt and kill hares and rabbits on their several and respective farms, between hours of sunrise and sunset—the time for killing hares being limited to the usual period, from 27th September to 27th February. Neither guns nor snares to be used. This permission will be continued from the present date until further notice. During its continuance Sir James Graham confidently expects and trusts that such a concession on his part will induce all his tenants, by themselves and their servants, to preserve the winged game on their respective farms to the utmost of their power, for the amusement of himself, his family, and friends. He hopes that they will cordially co-operate with him in putting down the baneful practice of poaching, and would suggest that every tenant, acting up to the spirit of the obligation contained in his agreement, should, when engaging his servants, make it a condition that any unfaithfulness discovered on their part, in respect to the preservation of game, will be considered sufficient ground for immediate dismissal.”

Complaints are made by tradesmen that there never was known for many years so great a scarcity of the silver currency as at present. The fact is attributed to the very large exportations of silver that have recently taken place to Port Philip, Melbourne, Geelong, Sydney, and other ports of our Australian colonies, for the convenience of the adventurers at the gold diggings. Not a vessel leaves the port of London, Plymouth, Bristol, Liverpool, &c., but takes out a considerable amount of both gold and silver specie, either by speculators who are proceeding to the above colonies for the purpose of making purchases of gold from the diggers, or consigned by capitalists to their agents at Port Philip, &c., for the same purpose. It is with much difficulty that the bankers in the city and west end can obtain silver currency to any amount either at the Bank of England or the Royal Mint to accommodate their correspondents in the different parts of the United Kingdom with silver coinage. At Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and other large commercial towns, the demand at the various banks for silver is so great that they are unable to supply parties with more than 100*l*. to 200*l*. To meet this urgent call for silver, it is stated that the authorities at the Mint intend having a considerable amount of silver immediately coined.

In a few weeks will be completed a second line of electric communication, in connexion with the continental telegraph, between Dover and the metropolis. It has been promoted by the European Telegraph Company, and one of its peculiar novelties is, that it is being laid down along the old coach road through Deptford, Greenwich, Shooters-hill, Dartford, Gravesend, Strood, Rochester, Chatham, Sittingbourne, Faversham, Canterbury, &c., to Dover. As may be known, the South-Eastern Railway Company are the proprietors of the present telegraph, and as the company would not sanction the formation of a second line of telegraph, the plan was devised of laying the wires under ground along the road, similar to those which are conveyed under the metropolitan streets to the several telegraph stations. Sanction was obtained of the different road trusts, and some 200 or 300 workmen are now actively employed day and night on the works. The copper wires, six in number, are encased in gutta percha; and being deposited in a kind of trough, constructed of kyanised timber, it is laid in a trench dug in the road, some foot and a half from the surface. In order that there should not be the possibility of the wires failing, test boxes, by which the wires are proved, are erected every mile. The works are proceeding with the utmost expedition. A mile and a half is completed every day. According to present arrangements, the six wires, as we were informed, will be so apportioned—two to Paris, two to Brussels, and two for the Mediterranean route. At present it is not known whether there will be any intermediate station between London and Dover. The telegraph is completed as far as Chatham from Cornhill.

A most important alteration has been made by the Congress of the United States in the postage charges on newspapers and other publications. An act has been passed which declares that on and after the 13th of the present month of September, newspapers, periodicals, and all printed matter not exceeding three ounces in weight, may be sent by post to any part of the United States for one cent, or about a halfpenny; each additional ounce to be charged one cent. If the postage be paid in advance, quarterly or regularly, either at the office where the papers are mailed, or at that where they are delivered, one-half of the above rates only to be charged—and the same in the case of newspapers not weighing more than one ounce and a half, when circulated in the State in which they are published. Packets of small newspapers published monthly or oftener, to be charged half a cent per ounce. All postages to be prepaid, or charged double. Books, bound or unbound, not weighing more than four pounds, to be charged one cent per ounce under 3,000 miles; for greater distances,

double that sum, provided they are prepaid, if not, the charge to be increased 50 per cent. A curious clause directs that “all printed matter chargeable by weight shall be weighed when dry.” Permission is given by the new act to publishers of newspapers and periodicals to send to each other, free of postage, one copy of each publication, and also to send to each actual subscriber, enclosed in their publications, bills and receipts for the same, free of extra postage.—*Athenæum*.

A meeting was held at Bradford on Tuesday evening to form an association for the repeal of the taxes on knowledge. A provisional committee was appointed, with power to add to their number.

The Danish war steamer *Mercure* has been in Sunderland Dock this week, taking in wire rope from Messrs. Newall and Co., of Gateshead, for the submarine telegraph to connect Copenhagen with the mainland of Denmark.

Spain, resolved to hold on to the island of Cuba to the last, is having two steamers of light draught constructed in England. One of these was launched on Saturday, at Rotherhithe. Both are to carry two thirty-two pounders. The *Primero*, just launched, will only draw five feet of water.

The official *Vienna Gazette* of the 10th contains a leader, from which it not only appears that it is the intention of the Austrian Government to let France act with perfect freedom with respect to the question of the proclamation of the Empire, but that Austria even approves of that transition as being favourable to the cause of tranquillity and order.

There are two iron railway stations at Birmingham, which have been built for exportation to the capital of Brazil, and intended for the Rio de Janeiro Railway. Each is 200 feet in length by 70 feet in width. They are divided into two compartments, one for goods, and the other for passengers, and are in every respect complete; so that if the line is finished by the time they arrive at Rio, travellers may be standing in front of the pigeon-holes, asking for tickets, within four or five days afterwards.

The *Anzeiger Zeitung* of September 11, has the following:—“We have just received intelligence that the new Lloyd’s steamer, *Australia*, which set out on her first voyage to Alexandria on the 27th of last month, met with an accident. After having performed the voyage to Corfu in an unusually short time (thirty-eight hours), the left wheel unfortunately broke, on the 30th, just as the vessel had reached Cape Crio, in Candia, and she was therefore obliged to return to Corfu, where she landed her passengers and the mail, to wait there for the next steamer. Unhappily, this delay will likewise affect the Netherlands mail, which was forwarded by the *Australia*, and we must be content with receiving our news from India and China, in this solitary instance, happily, by way of Marseilles, instead of receiving it as usual on the 20th. An old legend, however, current among seamen, accounts for the accident—though not exactly upon scientific principles. The accident mainly occurred because the *Australia* left Trieste on a Friday, and had, moreover, a Franciscan monk on board—a combination most assuredly enough to sink the vessel.”

Volunteers are scarce in Lancashire. The overseers of Manchester have only secured 100 volunteers for the militia from that township. Of the number named, twenty have been in the army before. The rest are young men, weavers, packers, and others from the various trades in the town: but the number altogether is below the proportion required for the town, which contains 300,000 inhabitants. In Salford forty have volunteered, the population being about 100,000. The agricultural districts cut a better figure. Upwards of five hundred men have accepted as volunteers for the militia in Warwickshire, and considerable numbers are still offering themselves at Warwick, Leamington, Coventry, Coleshill, and other places in the county. Only one volunteer for the militia has appeared at Bristol; at Southampton there were two.

The Committee of Privy Council for Education, says the *Times*, have recently issued circulars to the inspectors of schools, directing them to aid, by every means in their power, the system proposed by the Department of Practical Art for causing elementary drawing to become a part of national education. It is intended to teach the very simplest elements of drawing in all schools willing to bear a small proportion of the necessary expense, and then to admit the qualified scholars to study in a central drawing school in every town. The importance of the new scheme thus set on foot will be fully appreciated when it is remembered, that until the public ignorance in such matters is removed, no extensive or successful effort can be made to raise the standard of taste in design among our manufacturers.

Jenny Geddes and Mause Headrigg are not specimens of an extinct species. According to the *Dumbarton Herald* one of the race appeared in the parish church of Campsie the other day:—“The Rev. Mr. Park, of Cadder, proceeded to the pulpit to officiate for the Rev. Thomas Monro, the minister of the parish. Mr. Park had gone through the usual routine of singing, praying, &c., and had just given out the text, and was commencing his discourse, when a woman got up, and, at the top of her voice, exclaimed—“Gae hame wi’ you, sir, an’ learn your lesson (a slight pause)—gae hame, I say, an’ learn your sermon, afore ye come here. We’re nae accustomed wi’ a man readin’ a sermon tae us—we can read ane at hame oursels. Gae hame (louder than before, accompanied with a stamp of her foot)—gae hame an’ learn your lesson, like a skuleboy—gae hame, sir.” She went on in this strain for some time, and it is said Mr. Park looked unutterable things.”

Mr. Arnold has dismissed the summonses against the Poitevins, charging them with cruelty to horses; but in delivering his decision, he strongly reprobated the practice of attaching animals to balloons; concluding, that it was cruelty, but not cruelty within the letter of the Act.

Essex, which approves of Smithfield, has nobly endeavoured to put down Poitevin and Simpson. The weekly exhibitions in the streets of London are legitimate; the casual flight of Europa for filthy lucre is “very tolerable and not to be endured,” as Dogberry hath it. Ilford is situate in the county famous for horned cattle, Sir John Tyrell, and Major William Beresford. At Ilford, on Saturday, Mr. Simpson, M. Poitevin, and Madame Poitevin, were tried before the magistrates and fined 5*l*. for having ill-used and cruelly treated a heifer, by suspending it to a balloon, and ascending with it, whereof the heifer died. Let the decision be posted up prominently in Smithfield, and a copy sent to Sir John Tyrell.

Mr. David Mathews, and Mr. Robert Lawrence Walker, the former one of the “great unpaid,” the latter a gentleman farmer, were both in love with Miss Elizabeth Anne Elliston. But as she could not marry both, one must be rejected; and that direful destiny befel Mr. Robert Lawrence Walker. Whereat, the latter was wrathful, and on the morning of the happy day, sent a challenge to Mr. David Mathews. Thus, Miss Elizabeth Anne was disappointed, and Mr. David placed in a dilemma. However, he could not choose but appeal to a brother magistrate; and Mr. Jardine settled the matter by binding Mr. Robert Lawrence Walker over to keep the peace for six months. *Rather* ignominious, though, wasn’t it?

The other day, a man whose baby died of English cholera, wished, of course, to have it buried. He therefore did what is usual, paid the fees demanded by the church as a condition for the performance of that ceremony. But when the body was taken to the burial ground of St. James’s, Bermondsey, the Rev. Mr. Woodward refused to read the burial service over it, alleging that it had not been baptized. It had been registered; that would not do: the body remained unburied. John Sheppard, the father, asked Mr. Combe whether the clergyman was not bound to fulfil his contract by reading the burial service? Mr. Combe could not say; it was entirely a question for the Ecclesiastical Court. He thought the applicant had better take the body to a cemetery, and save all further bother. Sheppard said, he had no occasion to take it to a cemetery, as he had seen the Reverend Mr. Gibson, the minister of Bermondsey Old Church, on the subject, and he at once consented to bury the child, although not baptized. Mr. Combe told him that if such was the case, he had better take the body to the Old Church. And here comes the point of the story. John Sheppard put it very well. “But I have paid the fees to the Rev. Mr. Woodward,” said he, “and he refuses to return them. What am I to do with that?” Mr. Combe.—Why summon him to the County Court, as you would any other person. He has received fees for a certain purpose, and, not performing his contract, he has a right to return them. If you have any other complaint to make of his conduct, you must go to the Ecclesiastical Court.

The Doncaster St. Leger, a very poor race, was run on Wednesday. Daniel O’Rourke was third; Harbinger second; and Stockwell, a winner in a canter by ten lengths.

Mr. Pugin, the architect, died at Ramsgate on Tuesday evening.

Thomas Yates, residing at Liverpool, went home and found his mother-in-law drunk. He knocked her down some steps into a yard, and killed her.

The *Journal de Toulouse* of the 9th inst. announces the death of the celebrated Madame Laffarge. After quitting the prison of Montpellier, she repaired to the baths of Ussat, in the Ariège, and there she died on the 7th instant, in the 37th year of her age.

The body of a man was found by following a dog near West Ham, Essex. Suspicions of foul play were excited by the appearance of the body.

Three young men were drowned in the Thames on Sunday morning. They were tipsy; a heavy swell from a passing vessel caught the skiff and swamped it. One was saved.

Two men have been apprehended for an attempted garotte robbery in Albany-street. The robbers had been in friendly talk with the man; they tried to suffocate, and then rob.

The jury who investigated the cause of the accident which happened on Wednesday week, near Sheffield, have returned the following verdict:—“We are unanimously of opinion that the deceased Samuel Wright and Charles Tuckwood have come by their deaths in consequence of No. 12 Great Northern train, with engine No. 29, running off the rails, near Woodhouse junction, on the night of the 8th inst.; but as to what caused the train to run off the rails no satisfactory evidence has been shown to this jury.”

The jury have returned the following verdict, which, although the accident referred to happened a long time ago, is self-explanatory:—“We find that the deceased, Thomas Reynolds, met his death from the collision between the express train which he was driving, and the pilot-engine driven by John Grace. This collision was owing to the deceased having neglected to slacken the speed before arriving at Whitmore, and to his paying no attention to the red flag which was shown him between Whitmore and Standon. That we do not think that any blame is to be attributed to John Grace under all the circumstances of the case. That we would suggest to the Railway Company the propriety of reducing to a printed regulation the existing understanding between the driver of an assisted engine and the driver of the pilot-engine who assists him. And we are also of opinion that in no case should the driver of the train assisted be allowed to pass Whitmore unless he has been signalled from that place that the engine which had assisted him was safely out of the way.”

On Thursday the jury for that end appointed, returned the following verdict as to the accident at Crech:—“We find that Thomas Humberton was killed on Wednesday the 8th of September, by the engine and tender of the Bristol and Exeter express down-train having run off the

line after passing under the Chard Canal; but of the cause of the accident we have no satisfactory evidence. We have, however, sufficient evidence before us to show that the portion of the line upon which the accident occurred is naturally defective, in respect of a soft stratum upon which the rails are laid, particularly after wet weather. This ought to be remedied."

There were 10,205,787 eggs imported into this country in the month ending the 5th of August. The returns would be interesting if they specified the number of added eggs in this large importation.

Official returns just issued show that in the month ending the 5th of August, 1850, the quantity of tea entered for home consumption was 4,376,249 lbs.; in the like period of 1851, 4,730,126 lbs.; and in the month ended the 5th ult., 4,914,700 lbs.

According to the trade and navigation returns just published, there has been an increase in the value of watches and clocks imported last month, as compared with the like period of the preceding year. Of clocks, the value imported in the month ended the 5th of August, 1851, was 5,227*l.*, and in the month ended the 5th ult., 7,297*l.*; while of watches, the value in August, 1851, was 7,369*l.*, and in August last, 9,998*l.*

From a Parliamentary paper just issued, it appears that the amount of Her Majesty's regular troops employed in the colonies in 1847-8 was 1,655 officers and 39,591 non-commissioned officers and men. The cost for pay was 1,404,854*l.* In 1848-9 the amount was 1,712 officers, and 39,400 non-commissioned officers and men. The cost for pay was 1,390,769*l.*; while in 1849-50 the amount was 1,675 officers, and 38,752 non-commissioned officers and men; and the cost of pay was 1,329,656*l.*

#### HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

THE present Return exhibits a further decline in the mortality. The deaths registered in the first week of August rose to 1124; in the week that ended last Saturday (11th September) they fell to 936. The deaths among children under 15 years in the first week of August were 656; last week they were 485. These numbers indicate an improved state of health in the infant part of the population, who suffer so much from the summer epidemic.

In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1842-51 the average number of deaths was 1119, which, with a correction for increased population, becomes 1231. But this average is greatly augmented by the 2865 deaths, principally from cholera, that occurred in the corresponding week of 1849, after the epidemic had attained its maximum and had begun to subside.

Last week small-pox was fatal in 10 cases, measles in only 4; the cases referred to typhus are 32. Diarrhoea, dysentery, and cholera steadily decline; they were most fatal in the first week of August, when the deaths caused by the three diseases were collectively 241; their decrease since that week is shown by the following weekly numbers:—219, 228, 148, 120, and last week 101. On the other hand, scarlatina appears to be making some progress, and last week 58 children were its victims.

Last week the births of 749 boys and 688 girls, in all 1437 children, were registered in London. The average number in seven corresponding weeks of the years 1845-51 was 1312.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29.789 in. The mean temperature of the week was 60.7 deg., which is 1.8 deg. above the average of the same week in ten years. The wind blew generally from the north.

#### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

##### BIRTHS.

On the 8th inst., at Barnstaple, N. Devon, the wife of the Rev. W. Sloane Sloane Evans, K.C.T., B.A., Fellow Commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Barnstaple: a daughter.

On the 9th inst., at Latton Vicarage, Wilts, the lady of William Frederick Beadon, Esq.: a daughter.

On the 9th inst., at Springfield House, Warwickshire, (the seat of her parents, Mr. and the Lady Elizabeth Boulton), the lady of Edmund Vernon Mackinnon, Esq., 5th Dragoon Guards: a son and heir.

##### MARRIAGES.

On the 9th inst., at St. Nicholas' Church, Brighton, William Hankey, Esq., of Middleton Hall, Louthgowshe, N.B., to Cecile Charlotte Treclavay d'Estampes, eldest daughter of the Vicomte d'Estampes.

On the 11th inst., at the British Embassy, Paris, Edwin Corbett, Esq., Attached to H. M. Embassy at Paris, and eldest son of Edwin Corbett, Esq., of Tilsdon, Cheshire, to Charlotte Anne Margaret, only child of the late Henry Edward Morritt, Esq., and niece of William Morritt, Esq., of Rokeby, Yorkshire.

On the 11th inst., at All Souls' Church, Langham-place, Edward William Johnston Fletcher, Esq., 87th Fusiliers, only son of Robert Page Fletcher, Esq., late of the East India Company's Service, to Caroline Frances, second daughter of the late George Green, Esq., of Upper Harley-street.

##### DEATHS.

On the 2nd inst., at Halifax, Herbert Sawyer Bazalgette, Esq., eldest son of Colonel Bazalgette, Commanding Her Majesty's Forces in Nova Scotia.

On the 6th inst., at Pickhill Hall, Wrexham, Denbighshire, Lieut.-Colonel John Keightley, late Commanding H. M. 35th (Royal Sussex) Regiment, aged 74.

On the 10th inst., at 18, Alfred-place, Brompton, Ellen Anne Harriett, the infant daughter of the Rev. A. F. Pettigrew, A.M., aged three months.

On the 11th inst., at Rhyl, Flintshire, Elizabeth Sarah, wife of Henry Laurence Cotton, Esq., and daughter of Sir Malby Crofton, of Longford House, county of Sligo, Bart.

On the 11th inst., at Brighton, Sarah, relict of George Kemp, Esq., of Cornhill, London, aged 79.

On the 11th inst., in Piccadilly-terrace, the Hon. Selma Camerina Charlotte Denison, daughter of Lord Londesborough, in her 15th year.

On the 12th inst., Sophia Frances, eldest daughter of the Venerable M. G. Boreadon, Archdeacon of Ardagh.

On the 12th inst., at Waterfoot, Cumberland, aged 66, the Hon. Lady Ramsay, of Balmuin, widow of the late Sir Alexander Ramsay, Bart., and daughter of the 1st Lord Panmure.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted, it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

### Postscript.

SATURDAY, September 18.

PARTICULARS of the last moments and habits of the Duke of Wellington, as well as speculations respecting his funeral, occupy the public press and the public mind.

At a late hour last night the Earl of Derby arrived at his mansion in St. James'-square from Balmoral. Her Majesty and Prince Albert had received with deep concern the announcement of the Duke of Wellington's death, and the noble Premier had at once, in compliance with the command of Her Majesty, returned to town.

At noon yesterday the new Duke of Wellington arrived at Walmer Castle. He was at Baden Baden when the news of his father's death reached him, and hastening back without an hour's delay landed at Dover yesterday morning by the Ostend boat. His presence removes the chief cause for delay, in the arrangements for the funeral, but, as already announced, they will not be definitively settled until Her Majesty's will has been declared by her constitutional advisers. In the meantime steps are being taken for removing the body of the illustrious deceased to Apsley-house, where it will remain until the preparations for the interment are completed. A leaden coffin was sent down to Walmer Castle last night from Messrs. Dowbiggin, Holland, and Co., of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, and it is expected that the removal to town will take place to-night or on Monday. According to the *Herald* his body will be buried publicly. The Duchess, it is thought, will arrive at Walmer Castle in time to have a parting look at the well-remembered features of the departed. It is said that these have been little changed in expression by the hand of death, a circumstance the less surprising from their singularly marked character. Mr. Adams, an artist whose name will be remembered as the successful competitor for the design of the Jurors' medal in the Great Exhibition, has been fortunate enough to secure a cast of the Duke's face, and this memorial of him will no doubt hereafter be highly valued as an authentic likeness.

The Spartan simplicity of his habits was maintained to the last, and the only relaxation which he permitted himself was an occasional extra hour's rest at Walmer. In his 84th year he was still the same abstemious, active, self-denying man he had ever been, rising early, never latterly tasting wine or spirits, taking regular exercise on foot and on horseback, sleeping on a hard uncurtained couch, and rejecting even the luxury of a downy pillow. A story is told of a Highland chief who, finding his son reclining his head on a ball of snow, rebuked the effeminate indulgence by kicking it from under him. The Duke used a pillow, but it was an exceedingly hard one, stuffed with horsehair, and lined with wash-leather, and he carried it about with him wherever he went. His life had for years been a steady system of defensive warfare against the approach of disease, and death overtook him at last from sheer exhaustion, without being preceded by a single day's illness. On the very morning of his fatal attack it was much feared that he would persist in going to meet Lady Westmoreland at Dover; and not long ago, when suffering from a severe cold, he could not be persuaded to keep his room, but joined the dinner circle in his great coat. His habits certainly throw a striking light on his whole character; and when we learn that to the last his daily toilette was performed without the slightest assistance, we can appreciate how fully he acted up to a favourite motto of his own—that if a man wanted to have anything properly done he must do it himself. It took him from half-past six o'clock till nine every morning to dress; but even to the operation of shaving he did all himself; and at his age that must have been nearly as difficult a feat as winning a battle in early life. Though in his 84th year, he still wrote a firm hand and carried on a large correspondence—curious confirmations of the strength of nerve required to form a great commander.

Of the assiduity with which he laboured to discharge his public duties the world require no evidence. The Iron Duke alone could have struggled, against increasing deafness, to catch throughout long nights of tedious debate the arguments of even the dullest speakers. He did that because he considered it his duty as the most influential member of the House of Peers. His unremitting attention to the official business of the Commandership-in-Chief is known to all who have taken advantage of his regular attendance at the Horse

Guards that they might see him as he passed. But a hardly less striking illustration of devotion to duty, however arduous at a period of life prolonged much beyond the ordinary limits, remains to be mentioned. His Grace was Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and in the fulfilment of that office had during the summer months waded through all but a few pages of that enormous blue-book which embodies, and perhaps embodies, the labours of the recent Commission. Death overtook him when near the close of this immense effort of research, for he read every word conscientiously, and indeed it was not his habit to skip anything.

To the last his powers of memory and the cheerfulness of a well-balanced mind remained unimpaired. A day or two before his death, referring to the subject of civic feasts, he told an incident in the life of Pitt which is worth recording. The last public dinner which Pitt attended was at the Mansion-house, when his health was proposed as the saviour of his country. The Duke expressed his admiration of Pitt's speech in reply, which was in substance that the country had saved herself by her own exertions, and that every other country might do the same by following her example. A pleasing trait in the Duke's character is the long period during which a large proportion of his dependents have been connected with or served him, and the unvarying testimony which they bear to his good and kind qualities as an employer, a landlord, and a master. Exact and punctual in the management of his private affairs, up to the last moment his weekly bills were discharged by him as usual; and this precision, which he carried into everything, made him easily dealt with. Amid the splendour of his public achievements, his conduct as a landed proprietor is apt to be forgotten. Yet was he one of the most liberal and improving landlords in the country. The estate of Strathfieldsaye, which he used to say would have ruined any man but himself, has had more done for it in the shape of permanent improvements—of draining, of chalking, of substantial farm premises, and such like, than perhaps any other single property in the south of England. It was a wretched investment of the public money; but the Duke, true to his usual maxim, did the best he could with it, and the annual income for a long series of years has been regularly laid out upon it. As to his household, even the French cook, overlooking Waterloo and his Grace's indifference to the science of gastronomy, mourns for his death. He had exhausted all the efforts of his art in vain to elicit commendation from the Duke, who showed no preference for a good dinner over a bad one. This troubled the *chef de cuisine*, but he admits that his master was a very great man notwithstanding.

Some of the Paris journals have given expression to their opinions, or such opinions as they are allowed to have, on the life and death of the Duke.

The war-yelling *Constitutionnel* is unusually bland:—

"To sum up, Lord Wellington was an English General in the full acceptance of the word—cool, calm, methodical, without enthusiasm, but without any false brilliancy; sure of himself, confident in his soldiers, and always firm both in good and bad fortune. It has been justly remarked, that in the numerous despatches which he published, and which form twelve enormous volumes, the word *glory* never occurs. His only dominant passion was love of his country. His conduct and his character may be summed up in a word—he was a Pitt on horseback."

The *Pays* says,—

"The name of the Duke of Wellington was European. The vast events in which he was mixed up, the immense part which he played during many long years in the destinies of the world, the eminent place which he occupied in the councils of the Crown of England, and the great authority which he exercised over his party in Parliament, have made this personage one of the most remarkable of our time. The news of his death will produce a profound sensation in Europe."

The *Patrie* is an exception to the good feeling manifested by the other Ministerial journals. In closing its biographical sketch of the Duke of Wellington it says,—

"The Duke of Wellington died full of days, overwhelmed with honours, with pensions, and sinecures; but in descending into the tomb he must have carried with him the painful certainty that the undertaking to which he devoted his rare faculties was dead, and that the liberty for which he had refused to draw the sword had triumphed everywhere, in his own country first of all, and in the rest of the world afterwards; and, to complete his disappointment, that the great name of Napoleon, which he had believed buried for ever under the pyramid of Mont St. Jean, with the honour of France, had risen more full of life and more popular than ever."

The example of the *Patrie* is followed by the *Presse*. It says,—

"In the latter years the Duke only made himself talked about by his annual banquets in honour of the battle of Waterloo, by some squabbles with the newspapers, and by affected apprehensions with which the possible descent of a French army in England inspired him. He lived long enough to see the dissolution of his party and the vanity



of the efforts of the past against the conquests of progress and liberty. He was, in his own country, as a vestige of times which exist no more. The pride, more than the gratitude, of his countrymen, has caused statues to be erected to him. But the future owes him nothing; his name will only be for posterity a sonorous word, and his image will not be found in the only Pantheon which countries will respect—in the Pantheon of Liberty."

The article in the *Sicle* is by no means ungenerous, and will delight the friends of peace. We extract as follows:—

"We have no pretension to appreciate, in a few hasty lines, such a busy existence. We confine ourselves for to-day to noticing the differences which exist in the spirit and the relations of the two nations, between the present time and that at which enthusiastic England saluted the more than doubtful conqueror of Waterloo. The ardent rivalry, the hatreds of centuries, have become appeased. France and England have made immense progress in all the branches of human activity. The Duke of Wellington was, during the first period of his life, the last representative of the fatal animosities which so long armed one against the other—the two powerful nations whose union is now necessary to the march of civilization. The sword—it is to be hoped, at least—has for ever been sheathed. The fields of battle on which France and England have so fiercely contended have become transformed, and the pacific conflicts of manufactures and commerce have succeeded to sanguinary contests. In our eyes, the Duke of Wellington's best title to glory is, that he understood in the latter years of his life the striking transformation, and identified himself with the spirit of the century. We will make no other reflections in presence of the tomb, into which the old general is about to descend. In 1815, he went about Paris with five cockades in his hat, as the *Moniteur* of those days relates; and the cosmopolitan which he then displayed had a signification which no doubt he did not divine, but which had a prophetic character. The union of nations, whose symbols he wore, tends every day to become a truth."

The *Débats* gives a short biography of the Duke without comment. The *Assemblée Nationale*, the *Union*, and the *Univers* merely give the telegraphic despatch announcing the death.

The incidents of the progress of M. Bonaparte leaves no doubt that the Empire is theatrically provided for. M. Bonaparte has declared that, in all public matters, he obeys principle; but in all personal matters he obeys the public wishes. What could be clearer? Ever since he left Vierzou the cry has been, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" All along the line the cry is "*Vive l'Empereur!*" At least, such is the account given by his satraps, the prefects; showing that if such cries have not been heard, the world must be made to believe we have, which comes to the same thing. Not the least insignificant incident was that over the gates over the palace of the cardinal, at Bourges—the initials, "L. N." were surrounded by an *Imperial Crown*.

During the week, the musical festival, at Hereford, has been performed. It wound up yesterday, with the *Messiah*.

Information up to the 9th instant has been received from Mr. Owen Jones and Mr. Wyatt, who have been appointed by the directors of the New Crystal Palace to collect illustrations of the art of the continent. The travellers had reached Rome. The results of their journey appear hitherto to be highly successful. At Paris permission had been obtained to mould several of the finest works in the Louvre, amongst others, the Great Nimrod, from Egypt, several of the best Venuses, and colossal statues by Jean Goujon, in all, about 400 pieces, 80 of which will be above life size. Casts of the Ghiberti Gates have also been secured, as well as of the principal of Michael Angelo's figures in the Medici Chapel, at Florence, an important series of cinque cento ornaments, and fine works of Lucca della Robbia, Donatello, &c.

From the museums of Naples a most valuable collection has been obtained, and arrangements have been made to enable the Pompeian court to be so carried out as to present a faithful transcript of that peculiar mode of construction. To this end the services of the first painter officially attached to the excavations have been secured, who will bring to this country at the close of this year the result of his studies made on the spot during the last twenty years; every ornament will thus be painted from tracings made on the walls of Pompeii. From Lucca and Pisa several fine works of the Pisanos have been secured, and some interesting works of the Cinque Cento period.

A very interesting scene took place yesterday forenoon on the River Thames, off the Adelphi Steam-boat Pier. Shortly before nine o'clock the board of guardians the overseers, the medical attendants, and several clergymen of St. Martin's parish, came to the pier, accompanied by 60 emigrants viz., 30 men, 18 women, and 12 children, who had had their passage to Adelaide paid for by the parish. At the steam-boat pier some hundreds of the emigrants' friends were in attendance to take a farewell. The *Topaz* (steamer) was beautifully dressed out, and accommodation provided for a large number of the parishioners, who had determined to accompany the emigrants as far as Gravesend, and see them safely put on board the *Calcutta*, which is to start at once for Port Adelaide. Plenty of roast beef, plum pudding, and beer was taken on board the *Topaz*, that the emigrants might enjoy themselves on their journey down the river. Everything being in readiness, the *Topaz* started on her journey, amidst the cheers of those on board and those on the banks of the river. The emigrants were placed on board the *Calcutta*; a luncheon followed, with much speechmaking.

# The Leader

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1852.

## Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—DR. ARNOLD.

WELLINGTON.

WATERLOO has gone to the tomb: Wellington, "as high as Rouen steeple," the object of fear to French babes, and of mortification to Frenchmen, who have not, like a Soult, strengthened their heart in the field, has yielded to death, and the 18th of June, his own and his country's fête day, will be celebrated no more, as it has been celebrated. That day is now a tradition and a memory.

Wellington was a great man in the scale of his faculties, but not of the highest order. No canting claim for eulogy over the closing tomb; shall shut our sight to a truth; and our deep, unfeigned respect for the great departed Hero rests upon a belief in that full matter-of-fact straightforwardness which would make it an insult to his memory not to speak straight out. He had high qualities, but he also lacked the highest. He was a strong type of part of the manly character. He was the greatest military commander of our day, and perfect within himself. He accomplished his destiny, while his great rival, Napoleon, broke down half way; not through the conspiracy of enemies, but through his own deficiencies. Napoleon did not know his place: Wellington never missed it.

Wellington was fearless: he possessed the General's powers of command and of combination in the highest degree. As a part of the soldier's faculties, he had no mean powers of administration. Hence, he was a statesman, so far as a great commander must be one: he could survey the political map, and combine the operations of influences, not less than of troops; he could keep in mind the details, as well as the larger groupings of public affairs; he knew the personages of politics throughout Europe and India, and could calculate their probable motives with much sagacity. But these powers only included the perception, so to speak, of the tangible and the authenticated; he dealt with men and facts as they are recorded and classified, as they are tabulated and assorted in reports and histories.

But he was no philosopher. He was no real politician, like Casar or Henri Quatre, entering into the spirit and feelings of men and races. He was an exact man, a stern man, and, for all his goodnature, a hard man; and he suffered the privations of a hard man. His touch was callous. He could not feel nice distinctions, nor understand motives working unseen. Political events came upon him as surprises, when they sprang from the motives not classified in the data of the military calculator. He mistook Reform for rebellion, and resisted it as crime, until he came near to the monster, and found it to be harmless. He objected to Louis Philippe's Government in its early stages, when it was the farthest opposite both from the republic or from that military despotism which it was Wellington's highest work to put down, and which is reviving as he sinks to the grave; and he agreed to Louis Philippe's Government when it fell in with routine, and made a toy of a cockney soldiery—the very things that destroyed the Government, and paved the way for a new Napoleon.

Without the imagination of the political philosopher, or the warmer feelings of most men, Wellington was essentially destined to be a servant, and not a master. Here lay the true limitation, not less than the true greatness of his character. His ambition was, not to rule, but to attain the highest promotion possible. The ambition of a Casar, of a Henry of Navarre, of a Cromwell, to overturn the state, would have been to him a madness. The zeal to uphold an abstract principle against the powers that be, as Cromwell fought for national freedom and reli-

gious freedom, against despotism and popery, was alien to his mind. He could not work the speculative proposition independently of the authorities of the time, nor share the passion for an abstract purpose. His duty must be laid down for him by others, and then he could discern it. And when he did desecrate it, nothing could turn him from it. To take a fort, to conduct a negotiation to a certain end, to form a ministry, to pass a Parliamentary bill, were things to be done as soon as ordered, if they lay within his power; and he marched straight to his object, without flinching, in the face of cannon or obloquy. He was a steward, upright, faithful, fearless—a Titan of the order of servants. He was not a statesman, for he had no thorough sympathy with the genius of his country: he never evinced any faculties which showed him to be especially the countryman of Shakspeare, or of Locke, or of Bacon; he would have been, *ex officio*, the mere denier of Cromwell but for the anachronism; he attended punctually to his observances in the Chapel Royal, but we never understood that he interfered at all in the duties of Tillotson or Butler; he accepted his economy from Peel. He did not even embody the principle of physical force, which is one element of the trinity-power of every state,—knowledge, affection, and force; force was to him not a political principle, but only a raw material. He embodied one essential condition of state organization,—discipline. Discipline, in its active as well as its passive sense, is the power by which multitudes give effect to the dictates of the largest affections and the highest judgment amongst them. It is a virtue essential even more to the free state than to the enslaved, and of that great political, not less than military virtue, Wellington was an honest embodiment.

The virtue won him his rank and opportunity in India; it won him Waterloo; it won him the confidence of every Sovereign under whom he has served; the respect and confidence of every political party; and ultimately, the affectionate esteem even of a people, who commonly demand larger sympathies than his iron-bound nature could give—but the virtue was in itself so thoroughgoing, so complete in its purpose, so honest.

If "Liberals" and "popular leaders" could but imitate Wellington's straightforwardness of conduct, his firmness of purpose, and his chivalrous devotion to discipline, we should not see the people enervated by suicidal intrigues, nor a great party looking in helpless self-worship at its own intent; but popular rights would, ere now, have conquered their Waterloo, and a holy alliance of the nations might have signed its treaty, even at Vienna.

### FRENCH THREAT OF INVADING ENGLAND.

On the very day that Wellington died, the *Constitutionnel* put forth an article directly threatening the invasion of England. The article is false in its facts, but there does lurk in France—though not now amongst her patriots—a barbaric spirit of hatred to England; and the unscrupulous adventurer, who is canvassing the votes of "fathers of families," would be ready enough to take advantage of that spirit, if it fell in his course. Nay, he has before expressed regret that "his Star" should have destined him "to conquer" us. One of his organs now advances the threat as imminent:—

"Invasion! May the misfortunes which such a word represents be turned away from the English people, in spite of the frequent iniquities of their politics, and in spite of the oppression which their navy has so long exercised in Europe! May we never be obliged to pass that moveable bridge which steam has thrown between that nation and ours, unless to stretch out the hand to the English, and to congratulate ourselves with them on beholding somewhat more moderation and equity in their relations with other powers! But, if ever the plague of war should burst out between them and us, London might well tremble. It is not fortifications on the coast, nor the active watching of a fleet, which could prevent vessels of great speed like the *Napoleon* from carrying each more than 1500 men on the first beach of England which might be bare when the tide was out. The struggle would there be transported to the land, and there, thank God, we should fight with advantage."

This is plain speaking; but what is the *Constitutionnel*? Some time since it represented M. Thiers, the historian, who has given ver-

sions of Trafalgar and Waterloo specially manufactured for the French market. Subsequently it was under the control of Dr. Veron, the unblushing adulator and accomplice of Louis Napoleon. It is now a semi-independent, semi-official paper, uttering only such views and sentiments as the Government permits. Under these auspices it is now, by a singular infelicity of accident, the organ for throwing out a threat of invasion.

For the French reader it gives such encouragement as would be worthy of the historian aforesaid:—

"England has always been conquered when a foreign army set foot on her soil. The Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, the Normans under William, in turns overran Great Britain. The present dynasty of her sovereigns also comes from a foreign land. The dispossession of James II. by William is a sort of fourth invasion. The day has arrived when the fleets of Great Britain would not suffice to prevent a descent on her shores."

This is as false as it is insolent. "England" has never been conquered. Britain was, as Gaul was, by the Romans. Britain was, as Gaul was, by Teutonic invaders. The Danes obtained less permanent footing in infant England than the Normans in France. William did not conquer England, but Harold, and that by the accident which mortally disabled his rival pretender to the throne that Edward the Confessor weakly made an object of litigation. The invasion of William was the act of the English people: he was appointed by the English, he fought with the English soldiers, he reigned by "the courtesy of England." England has undergone no Crecy, no Waterloo; nor will she ever take part in either again, if the French be true to themselves, and cease from crouching to the sanguinary adventurer who is the latest invader of France.

The threat may be only an electioneering ruse of that man who is now trying, for the third time, to trick France into being his slave; but he may follow it out, either if his dupes should require some pledge in practice, or if his army should grow insolent, and need new riot and blood-letting, or if the indifference of England should convert an idle threat into opportunity.

Let him come, then: it can only do us good. It is true, that no living generation of Englishmen has been accustomed to fight on its own soil in defence of its own home; but men are not usually less stout in such a battle. It is true that London is exposed, and, in case of invasion, England would have to pay for her blind reliance on peace defences. But although the people is benumbed by the long repose of peace, the spirit is not yet dead; and if the danger be not too long delayed, the old true, united, national spirit may be roused without stint or fail.

Meanwhile, this base bravado should be useful in arousing the Nation to watch its own Government. With official France for our enemy, who are to be our allies? Are we to quarrel about fish with our brothers in America, while a disreputable neighbour is snarling threats like these in our ears?

#### THE NEXT WELLINGTON.

THE Great Captain who suppressed an empire has not survived to witness its renewal under the spurious Napoleon. He who aided the Holy Alliance in putting down a military usurpation, is spared the spectacle of a bastard hereditary usurpation under favour of the Holy Alliance. The circumstances of the world are different from those when Wellington was at his prime, but they are not less menacing. The danger may have been more concentrated, but it is now far more widely spread, and far more doubtful in its elements. At that time France had suddenly risen up from the intolerable oppression which it had endured so long, had visited the world with a burst of anarchy, had quickly solved that anarchy in a military despotism, and had again visited the world with the strong hand of a conqueror bent on territorial aggrandizement. Save the passive anarchy, there was in this nothing very new, nothing strikingly different from the character of the régime which had preceded it; but it is not so now. The dangers which threaten the continued peace of the world, which threaten the immortality of long standing dynasties, are more scattered, but they are also much more characterized by innovation. It is since the downfall of Napoleon that Russia has expanded from being merely one of the great powers, to be

the great arbiter of Thrones, looming like a menace down the eastern border of the whole continent of Europe. It is since the downfall of Napoleon that the American republic has attained its vast dominions, has acquired its spirit of territorial extension, and it is within a few years of Wellington's death that the stirring citizens of that young republic have proclaimed their aggressive policy. The immense gold fields, offering an enormous bait for the migration of the Anglo-Saxon family, are the latest discoveries of the age, and it is within the present week that we see the influence of the Australian mountains of precious metal in drawing to that English colony a strong tide of American emigration.

These are great facts, which suggest some considerations that bear upon the appointment of Wellington's successor. For the next year or so, indeed, it may matter little who is at the head of the department trimming the horse-tails of the cavalry, or the knapsacks of the infantry; but to judge from the movements of the world, a day is not far distant when the personal character of the man at the head of England's military government will greatly influence the future. Wanted a Cromwell! Is he to be found amongst the half-dozen candidates already named for the post? Is the Prince Consort, for example, a Cromwell? Is the young prince of the House of Gotha, the amiable patron of all civilizing arts, competent to confront the powers of Europe, and to control the destinies of his adopted country with an iron hand? Is he capable of stemming the torrent of events? Nobody suspects him of virtues so ungentle.

Is the Cromwell to be found in Lord Hardinge, that distinguished General, who has won his spurs in many climes—who has shown so high and soldierly a pride in the public service—who has been amongst conservative statesmen distinguished by so generous and liberal a disposition? Assuredly not. Lord Hardinge is the man to perform the services of a department, to undertake the command of a division, or to execute any other allotted duty with grace and capacity; but he is not the man to act for a nation, and to move nations by the grasp of his hand.

The man who stands before the world as suited to the time, is General Sir Charles James Napier, the conqueror of Scinde. For many reasons Wellington is understood to have fastened upon him as the best man for a troubled field; but we do not lay much stress on that anecdote. Napier has the prestige of a conqueror. Although a veteran, his latest public acts have shown undimmed brilliancy in his faculties. If he might be difficult to act with official colleagues, as his enemies will inevitably allege, it is because he has manifested a resolute spirit to deal with corruptions in the army. And above all he is a national soldier.

Alas! the people is sunk in apathy, half unconscious of the necessities of the day, or it would now rise and cry out for that—a national commander. That Napier is so, we have a splendid testimony in his pamphlet on the militia; as honourable a piece of writing as ever came from the pen of a Napier. In that page he showed that he perfectly appreciated both what a militia can do, and what it cannot do. He showed that he knew how to value the ardour of the citizen-soldier fighting for his home; that he could command such an arm with knowledge and with relish, and that he would know exactly the kind of service to put it to. But the pamphlet showed much more: it showed that Napier viewed such affairs, not only with the eye of a professional man, not with the routine notions common in a mere officer of state, but with the mind of a patriot thinking as well as acting for his country.

These two elements in his character indicate exactly the man we want—the will to grapple with the abuses that enfeeble our army, that clog it with men incompetent to their duties, that demoralize the officers, that waste the public money without securing the comfort of the soldier; and the knowledge how to be a leader of the people in defence of the nation. That he will be chosen, we scarcely venture to hope: he is too strong a man for these tame times; but whoever may be his predecessor, the stormy horizon inclines us to believe that the day is not far off when Napier (if fulness of years and strength be granted him) may be demanded by events, and may then be rated at his true value.

#### ITALY AND THE ITALIAN CAUSE IN ENGLAND.

WE have from time to time kept our readers informed of the proceedings of a Society which has, we believe, the peculiar distinction of being the only Association in this country devoted especially to the consideration of questions of foreign politics—the Society of the Friends of Italy. This Society, having now concluded the first year of its existence, has put forth its first *Annual Report*, in which an official statement is given of the progress and expenditure of the Society during the past year, and of its present aims and views with reference to the Italian question. There are various points incidentally touched on in this *Report*, which, we think, Englishmen may consider with advantage.

The *Report* thus sketches the contrast between the actual conduct of England, in reference to the recent Italian Revolution, and the conduct which might have been expected from England, considering her historical antecedents:—

"In every national movement, call it 'Revolution,' or what we will, there is a right and a wrong, a progressive tendency and a retrogressive tendency—not vaguely scattered either among the contending elements, so as to be discovered only by long calculations, but embodied, for the most part, with palpable and instantaneous clearness, in the well-marked separations of men and parties. And what else can be the duty of nations looking on in such a case, but to discern the right, and to back it—to ascertain on which side the progressive energy is at work, and to let the whole strength of their sympathies go to the service of that side. Nor was Italy a very complex case. The Papacy, Jesuitic activity, and tyrannical government of the worst species on the one side; native patriotic leaders, and the whole Italian people on the other—such was the simple state of the problem that had to be considered with regard to Italy. For an Englishman, one would have thought, choice in such a case was not very difficult. Given such a balance of parties, one would have thought, and the whole island of England, could free and Protestant earth have moved, would have thrown itself unasked into one of the scales. Yet it was not so. The existing power in every country being naturally assumed as the representative of order, and the Papacy being the existing power in Italy, even our liberal newspapers would sometimes, as in a fit of morbid candour and conservatism, make themselves the apologists of the Papacy. And if, even between the two great antagonist tendencies, our journals and our politicians hesitated and appeared dubious, much more did they hesitate when it came to be a question in what section, in what class of aims and opinions on the patriotic side, the real strength and hope of Italy lay. Certainly, if ever a foreign political party has had to win a good opinion in England, against all manner of prejudice and opposition, that party has been the National Party among the Italians. Look, for example, at the conduct of the *Times*, and those whom it represents, with regard to this party. That journal, more expressly perhaps than any other, stands committed to the opinion that the hope of Italy, and even of Europe, lies in the abolition, root and branch, of the secular Papacy. Surely, then, if any party in Italy more than another should have the sympathies of the *Times*, it is that party which is signalized by this very circumstance, that it is the only native party in Italy that has the phrase, 'Abolition of the Secular Papacy' distinctly inscribed on its banner—the party which, in its brief day of power, actually did the stupendous thing thus talked of as desirable by our political dilettanti; and the only party, as far as the world knows, that would to-morrow do the thing again. Yet how this party fares in that quarter is but too well known. The conduct of the *Times* and of those who think with it, in regard to the National Party in Italy, can be compared only to that of a man who first advertises far and wide for a copy of a book, only one copy of which is known to be extant, and who then, when the possessor of that solitary copy comes to his door to make him a gratuitous present of it, drives him away with insult and abuse."

There is a great deal of truth in this. How little sympathy the common "No-Popery" feeling has had from us, our readers very well know. There is no fear, therefore, that we shall be mistaken when we say that, when taken in a deeper sense, this very "No-Popery" cry is the noblest and the heartiest form of native English combativeness. So long as "No-Popery" means proscription of Roman-catholics, pains and penalties on acts of Roman-catholic worship, or of fair Roman-catholic propaganda, the civil exaltation of the Anglican lawn-sleeves, or the Geneva gown, over Popish vestments—so long as "No-Popery"



means any or all of these things, it is folly and mischief. But if the "No-Popery feeling has yet a deeper root amongst us—if in the hearts of the English people, or of any portion of them, it means the annihilation, by argument and agitation, of that most aged of earth's intellectual fallacies, the belief that a certain unmarried man, living in one of the peninsulas of the Mediterranean, and professing to have a charter from the Apostle Peter, is necessarily the supreme link between this planet and its God, and the lord of European, Asiatic, African, and American thought—then, let the speculative platform from which this cry of "No-Popery" is raised, be the narrowest and most sectarian possible, it is so far respectable, and it ought to have power. And if, farther, this "No-Popery" feeling should pass the bounds of a mere contemptuous personal dissent from the fallacy, or a mere readiness to do battle with it in its intellectual shape, and should assume the form of an active political digressiveness, a desire to employ the whole resource of the country, its diplomacy, and its statesmanship, in honestly dissolving and weakening those worldly institutions, whether in Italy or elsewhere, in which the fallacy has embodied itself, or round which it has wound itself—then the feeling amounts to a right instinct of England's political place and duty among the nations. In short, the "No-Popery" cry is not yet defunct for England: all that it wants is to be corrected up to the present time. Every nation, like every man, is strong only in the line of his ancestral sentiments; and if the greatness of England for three hundred years has consisted in, or has been identified with her Protestantism, then it is precisely in spreading abroad this Protestantism, and making it prevail over the earth, that England will discharge her natural and hereditary duty. England and the Papacy are natural enemies now, as they have always been. True, Protestantism is not what it was, and we must take Protestantism as corrected up to the present time; but that correction surely consists in no diminution of hostility to Papal institutions, or the essential Papal dogma. Many Englishmen, disgusted with the sectarian associations that have gathered round the name *Protestant*, would almost abjure it; but in the original and true sense of the word—as meaning a desire to see the whole earth relieved from the thralldom of believing, or of being forced to seem to believe, that the aforesaid unmarried man of Italy is spiritual lord of the earth, and sole spokesman for it to God—all Englishmen are Protestants, and may surely exult in being so.

The "No-Popery" cry, as corrected up to the present time, consists, we should say, in the persuasion now gaining ground among us, that the true battle-field between England and the Papacy is not in Exeter Hall, or in English Law Courts, but in Italy itself; that, in short, the question of England's relation to the Papacy is involved in the question of England's relation to the Italian people. O that our statesmen had perceived this four years ago! On this point hear the Society of the Friends of Italy:—

"If the Society can thus congratulate itself on having done something to disseminate correct information, and to promote an expression of just opinion in regard to Italian affairs, it cannot pretend to have yet accomplished any direct or measurable step towards that great end of all political discussions—the initiation, through Parliament, of an appropriate course of national action. Nor is this to be wondered at. Let us only consider for a moment at what point, in reference to our political relations to Italy, the official and diplomatic mind of this country, even under a Whig administration, stood three years ago. No British friend of Italy should ever forget, and this Society of the Friends of Italy will never be tired of repeating, those words in which our Whig ambassador at the French court, Lord Normanby, at the time of the negotiations for French interference to put down the Roman Republic and restore the Pope—that is, on the 19th of April, 1849—expressed the wishes and the policy of the government of Great Britain in that scandalous affair. The words, as quoted from the Correspondence laid before Parliament, are these:—'I (Lord Normanby) told M. Drouin de Lhuys (the French Foreign Minister), that the object which the French Government professed to have in view—the restoration of the Pope under an improved form of government—was precisely that which, I had always been instructed to state, was also that of Her Majesty's Government; though, for reasons which I had then explained to him, we had not wished to take any active share in the negotiations.' This

passage, we repeat, ought incessantly and everywhere and on all occasions to be quoted; it ought to be learnt by heart by all citizens of Great Britain; it ought to be engraven, as a sentence of shame, on a pillar of brass in Downing-street—for it represents the crime of our land against Italy, and it reveals, in one glimpse, that depth of bad statesmanship, from which the official and parliamentary mind, even of our Whig administrators, has to be brought up, before England and Italy shall stand in their proper relations to each other. And to bring up the official mind of a country from such a depth, is not the work of a day or a year. The Papal policy, with regard to our own country, and the spectacle of the horrors consequent on that very restoration of the Pope in which we so hypocritically implicated ourselves, have indeed contributed to open many eyes; perhaps there is even now a touch of remorse in the official heart; and, at any rate, it is not likely that a Whig ambassador would again write such a passage as the foregoing were the same circumstances repeated now. Still we are far from any promise of such a Parliamentary or ministerial policy with regard to Italy as would answer the demands of sterling justice—a policy to which we could trust for the expiation, on a fitting occasion, of the fearful blunder indicated in that Normanby despatch, and for the indemnification to Italy of the wrong so done, by nobler conduct towards her at any similar juncture that may yet arise."

May such a juncture soon arise! All is calm now, and it looks like irrelevance to present events and pressing sorrows to talk of Italy at all. But the time will come! Some morning,—and who knows how soon?—a spark through that electric cable which connects England with the Continent will fetch once more into our cities and streets the intelligence, "The Continent is in arms;" there will again be enthusiasm, and public meetings, and councils of Cabinet ministers, to discuss the policy, and prepare the answer; may we then profit by our past errors; and may the answer which we flash back through that electric cable, to be sent trembling along the telegraphic wires, and by the mouths of couriers, to the remotest extremities, where despotism rules, and Papacy lingers, be some answer such as this:—"*England will act, on this occasion, like free and Protestant England—corrected up to the present time.*"

#### THE CHRISTIAN HEROD.

THE *Morning Chronicle* returns to the subject of "infanticide," with new arguments, and a new fact, in support of its old position. The new fact is, that at a recent trial in Hampshire the court was crowded with girls, who undisguisedly made common cause with the prisoner, who loudly applauded when she was acquitted, and who are reported to have said, as they left the court, "Now we may do as we please."

The last point must be regarded as apocryphal, and the acquittal may have been a *just* acquittal; but the exhibition in court, if the report approaches to the truth, is painful enough. The mere assembling of the girls indicates a too lively interest in the question at issue.

The argument of the writer who notices this fact is curious. As a number of the women arraigned on the charge of murder are married, it has been presumed by another critic that poverty must be the immediate incentive to the crime of infanticide. Admitting the probability in some degree, the *Chronicle* contends that the crime itself, originating amongst the unmarried women from other causes, is copied by the married women of the agricultural class, under the pressure of poverty, and that it is likely to extend from them to the industrial classes of towns. Hence the *Chronicle* comes back to its old position, that jurors must be made to inflict a severe example, in order to check the progress of the crime; in other words, Punish the girls, and the married women will learn how to behave properly.

The letter of an esteemed correspondent at Leeds, however, shows that the crime has *already* established itself in the towns. It is computed that three hundred children in Leeds, unregistered, are murdered annually! The crime, we believe, is not to be checked by preaching Draconian principles to jurors, nor by transporting the uneducated girls of the agricultural districts. Education will be a more effectual check. Reproductive employment still more promptly effective, as that is the means by which the State secures that each individual born may make good his own position on the surface of the land. Our

correspondent is mistaken in supposing that we think it mere cant to demand a remedy; but his challenge deserves something better than a hasty response, and he shall have what occurs to us, deliberately and outspokenly.

#### THE EMIGRATION CONTROVERSY AT BRADFORD.

In a paper of courteous moderation and candour, but of inordinate length, the *Bradford Observer* challenges our arguments respecting the "transportation of the condemned Woolcombers." The main object of the paper, we conceive, is, to show that the movement is one originating amongst the working classes themselves—is for their benefit—is not an employers' scheme, and is only aided by certain employers from benevolent motives. Other communications which we have received from Bradford, incline us to believe that this representation is in the main correct; and it is not contradicted by anything which we have received before the remarks we wrote, or since. If we have been at all misled, it was by the language of the *Bradford Observer* itself, which was conceived in a tone very different from that which the writer now employs. He still, indeed, adheres to one or two assumptions; amongst others, to the idea that he knows the name of the writer with whom he is in controversy; but on that point we doubt whether he has not fallen into a natural mistake.

According to the present position of the *Bradford Observer*, that paper is to be regarded as the adviser and friend of the working class, and of the wool combers in particular; and we do not repudiate its friendly intentions, but it was difficult to detect the friendly heart through the language which imputed to the woolcombers a variety of misdemeanours and depravities. He spoke of them as "degraded," as having "morbific habits" of life, as lowering the tone of society, and "increasing our poor-law rates." The report of the woolcombers' committee is now quoted to show that these phrases are derived from that document, in which mention is made of a system leading thousands to "deep degradation"—of woolcombers as forming "the main portion" of applicants for parochial relief—of pauperism as the nurse of "contaminating influences," and so forth. It is one thing, however, for a man, or a class, to speak of self in disparaging terms, and another, for a second person to use even the same terms. But it will be perceived that the phrases quoted from the report undergo a species of inversion when they become adapted by the *Bradford Observer*. When men complain that their inevitable circumstances are contaminating, that their fellow workmen are liable to degradation, and become dependent on poor-rates, it is retorting, rather than adopting their language, to say that *they* are contaminating, morbid, or degraded; and to echo the complaint about poor-rates has a moral effect exactly reversed when it comes from the rate-receiver, or from the rate-payer.

Our contemporary accused the men of wasting their means and not providing for a rainy day—a position which, throughout the immense reply, he has omitted to defend; and we are not ourselves inclined to dwell again upon that point.

To say that emigration might be advantageous to the woolcombers is no more than a truth which we admitted in the paper now challenged. Probably there is not a woolcomber in Bradford who would not find himself better in Australia than in England; but there is a *manner* in dealing with these things. To speak of the expatriation of a whole class as a destiny entailed by the heartless operations of trade, is an offence against social feeling. To speak of men in terms only applicable to rubbish that ought to be removed, is what we *now* believe the writer never intended; but undoubtedly his first paper had that appearance. Emigration is a good thing when it is absolutely spontaneous, and to furnish facilities for it is an excellent service; but the choice should lie wholly with each individual emigrant, and it should be a choice determined by no indirect compulsion. The woolcombers are our countrymen, and we are bound to stand by them in misfortune, while they elect to remain in their native country. If they choose to emigrate, let us help them; but absolute willingness is the first essential to all interference in such matters.

We are represented as uttering a threat, in case the woolcombers be subjected to language

like that against which we protested. Now we uttered no threat, but a warning derived from the past, and we believe our warning to be perfectly accurate. If men sink in misfortune, and are subjected to galling language, they will not forget that language at times when trouble and disorder endow the lowest orders with great but transient powers. We have no retraction to make on that head; but if the employing class of Bradford are moving amongst their fellow-countrymen of the working class, with a sincere and frank determination to aid them, and not to coerce them, no writing from a distance can counteract the beneficial effect of such brotherly co-operation.

#### POLICY AND SPEECHES OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY LEADERS.

WE groan under the weight of discussions on universalism. To be something general and nothing in particular, is the ambition of the modern publicist. Congealed, as we have been, within the frozen circles of petty parties, there is something to applaud in the more catholic aspirations of these days, did not the universalist mistake the way of realizing his object. He modifies, qualifies, and tampers with his own truth, so as to make it *acceptable* to everybody: whereas he should keep his truth one, clear, and intact, and study the arts of making it *understood* by everybody. The form of error here pointed out is chiefly European. The more direct and dashing propagandism of our American brethren is commonly exempt from the sin of qualification. There are, indeed, spread over the States groups of sentimental and transcendental Reformers, who do the universal with so much success, that they go the length, theoretically, of obliterating the distinctions which certain sectarian Naturalists have set up, between man and the "brute creation." But our Anti-slavery friends are utterly free from this fault. They raise a noble and generous, a frank, explicit, and unchangeable cry for the emancipation of the negro population. For this they deserve applause, sympathy, and what of *help* can be rendered from the uttermost bounds of the earth. But we cannot say that they are equally meritorious in point of rhetorical skill. In the remarks lately submitted, in this journal, on the Temperance advocacy, the chief friends of that cause have failed, as the writer expected they would, to distinguish the difference between criticism with a *contempt* and criticism with a *sympathy*. There is more hope that the friends of the Abolition of negro slavery will judge these papers in a different spirit. In the face of that terrible opposition which the friend of the negro confronts in America, it would be a crime to write one word intended to discourage Lloyd Garrison, Henry C. Wright, Wendell, Phillips, and others, whose valorous humanity redeems America in the eyes of the patriots of Europe.

But an humble, a distant, yet an earnest interest in the same cause, entitles us to analyze the nature of that advocacy which, by excess of denunciation, hushes the voice of reason and humanity in a roar of antagonism, and enables unrighteous interest to set up a somewhat plausible defence of its appalling cupidity.

In treating this subject, we shall not hesitate to ground our argument on a *reference* to the Anti-Slavery literature of America. The most disparaging invective, the bitterest personal denunciation, are the characteristics of that literature. It is not necessary to quote many instances. The allegation will not be denied. On the contrary, there is more reason to fear that the invective and the denunciation will be defended. Errors of policy and errors of speech will be both held up for imitation.

Garrison would have Kossuth ally himself to the Anti-Slavery party and denounce half of America, although Kossuth's cause demanded an aggregate sympathy of the States. It might be an error of judgment in the Hungarian not to confine his appeal to the Free States, but Garrison and his friends proceed in long lettered articles, and speeches, reported in the *Liberator*, to write Kossuth down. Garrison represents *him* (Kossuth) as *corrupted* and terrified by slavery's influence—as playing the part of a political Cain! Apparent wounded, as well he might be by this species of unexpected antagonism, the Ex-Governor declares that he will *never* interfere in the question. Struck at by the enemies of freedom in America, and struck at by the friends of freedom there, the great Magyar is destroyed by that *infernal* and disheartening spectacle, an union of *hypocrites* and patriots. Garrison and Wendell Phillips, with conscientious enthusiasm, do the work of the slave-masters. The eloquent chief is barely *heard* at the end of the line, where at least he might hope to *bruise* the *free* and *unhampered*, when lo! the lasso of the Abolitionists arrests his career and mars his un-

sullied fame. Because he does not pronounce their war-cry as well as his own, they sow distrust of his integrity, and doubts of his bravery. They declare that the Slave States can have no real sympathy with the Hungarian advocate, and will neutralize his influence, and *they* (the Abolitionist party) do what they can to diminish his influence in the Free States, and thus play into the hands of the Slaveholders. Whereas the Abolitionists might have regretted that Kossuth did not see his way clear to denouncing the legislative slavery taint of America, and proceeded to show, what is really the case, that all the speeches of the great orator on American possessions of interest in the cause of freedom abroad, were but magnificent satires on the toleration of slavery at home. By this more patient and catholic policy, Kossuth would have been a power in the hands of the Abolitionists, while they would have augmented *his* just influence. The more masterly the eulogy of freedom is pronounced, and the more the love of it is commended to the popular instinct, the more is augmented the most powerful argument that can be addressed to the human *intellect*—the *argument of consistency* in favour of freedom for all. Every act of Kossuth's life, every word spoken by him, was a blow struck at American slavery. But by denouncing him and lowering his influence, his friends were put at issue with the advocates of the negro cause, and *their* influence began also to be abridged: because Kossuth's friends saw no capacity in them to accept the opportunities of the hour, but rather an impetuous disposition to make war upon all who did not fall in with their notions of duty, and act precisely as they would have them. The antagonisms of the Abolitionists was saying practically to Kossuth—if you will not help us as we prescribe we will not help you. If you do not aid us personally to strike off the fetters of the black slave we will rivet faster the fetters of the Hungarian peasant. This was not intended, but it was done. This was not said in so many words, but this was the result of the *Liberators'* policy. It was in effect to say, that Hungary must groan in Austrian bondage to the last hour of American injustice. This was the practical answer given to Kossuth by Lloyd Garrison's disparaging parallel between O'Connell and Kossuth, which appears in the *Liberator*. The world will think that the noble suppliant deserved a different response. Magyar bravery and sacrifices for freedom ought to have been sure and unqualified passports to the hearts of those who have chanted so many brave lays in honour of liberty. How much more wisely conceived were the lofty words with which Ralph Waldo Emerson welcomed the Magyar Chief to Concord:—"Far be it from us, sir, any tone of patronage; we ought rather to ask yours. We know the austere condition of liberty—that it must be reconquered over and over again; yea, day by day; that it is a state of war; that it is always slipping from those who boast it, to those who fight for it; and *you, the foremost soldier of freedom in this age—it is for us to crave your judgment—who are we that we should dictate to you?*"

But let us pass from the question of policy to one of speech. In the *Liberator* of June 29th last (a paper which we took up at random to see what was going on), Henry C. Wright thus speaks in allusion to the course taken by the religious bodies of America with reference to slavery: "The great *religious* bodies have more openly than ever *confederated with thieves, and become partakers with adulterers.*" If, after so many years of experience, Mr. Wright pens these words, and Mr. Garrison publishes them, the inference is, that this is not the worst specimen of this style of writing that could be selected. The epithets "thieves" and "adulterers" are properly applicable only to those whom the law brands with these offences, and to apply them without qualification or modification to bodies of men, especially to *religious* bodies of men, is utterly to ignore the law and propriety. We say propriety advisedly. Propriety in this case will be smiled at, scorned at. But mark the result. The moment the advocate of humanity entirely ignores law and propriety in his assaults on wrong, his opponents are free to act in the same way in their self-defence, and forthwith argument is drowned in torrents of mutual epithets, criminative and re-criminative; and, what is worse, the slaveholder and the justifier of slave-holding, is relieved from the defence of their acts, and is enabled to join issue upon the tone and spirit of their assailants' language; and in what should be the solemn issue of a great argument the public only see a furious personal scandal. If the Abolitionist intend to *fight* the slave-holding party all this is intelligible. Boundless invective, unappeasable rage, and excited feeling, are perhaps the necessary prelude to war; but if slavery is to be exterminated by the nobler arts of reason and humanity, the criminative tone of the Abolitionists is not so intelligible as one could wish it.

The great religious bodies are *powerful* bodies. Does

Mr. Wright speak of them to outrage them, or to convert them to sounder views? To tell *them* that they confederate with *thieves*, and partake with *adulterers*, is to outrage them and set their faces against the Abolitionists' cause for ever. Are the Abolitionists able to *defy* the great religious bodies? If so, it matters not what Mr. Wright says of them. But if their influence is great, and necessary for Abolition to succeed, it is merely delaying the day of emancipation thus to address them. "Do they not deserve it?" you say. "Is it not true?" you observe. What has that to do with the question? Is the Anti-Slavery Society a society for administering to slaveholders the public censure that the Abolitionist members consider they deserve? or is it a society for winning freedom for the poor slave? Have the anti-slavery advocates undertaken the eternal task of saying all that is true, or the more practical duty of doing all that is good? If the real business in hand is the gratification of indignant feeling by denouncing and punishing oppressors, let the endless and barren task be avowed—let the poor slave receive due notice that he may no longer grow sick by hope deferred. But if the object be the single and honourable one we have been led to believe, of winning deliverance for Africa's helpless children, then all this shouting of thieves and adulterers is worse than a crime—it is an error; it is a melancholy waste of opportunity. Considering the men and their humane motives, it is honest, conscientious, and well intended, but fatal to success nevertheless. There is a noble aphorism of Mazzini's, which, indeed, only noble souls can carry out—"Let us anathematize *none*, but strive to *direct all aright.*" Of what infinite value to the anti-slavery cause would be the practice of this maxim!

You say this is too much to expect. Is it so? Remember, that although unusual moral genius is required to speak *well* against slavery, yet Abolitionists *can display* examples of such genius. Who more cautious than Channing?—who more self-possessed than Follen?—who more quiet and patient than Prudence Crandall? (who opened a school for coloured girls; her history is given in the *Martyr Age*.) Who more generous to her foes, more devoid of selfish fear for herself, than Angelina Grimké?—or Maria Chapman? And is not Harriet Beecher Stowe greater than them all?—she whose *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has charmed the Old World and the New. In that inimitable book, as marvellous for its wisdom as its humour and pathos, which you read in alternate smiles and tears, you find the most magnificent plea for Africa's dark sons and daughters which human genius has yet put on record; but you find *no invective* there. Its aim is too high for calling names—its tone is too solemn for epithets. It does not mistrust its own power to extort a verdict. It wastes no time in pronouncing sentence itself; it draws from the soul and intellect of the reader a double and enduring condemnation of slavery in every form. You might have taken Webster's Dictionary, and extracted every denunciation in the English language, and poured them from the highest altitude of indignation, a rhetorical douche, on the head of Slavery, and it would not have produced half the effect, nor one-tenth of the effect, of the quiet and temperate eloquence of this wise, moderate, and genuine book.\*

Before we close this argument, which we hope to do in another paper, Mr. Lloyd Garrison shall be heard in his own defence; and we will endeavour to explain the law, which is higher than earnestness, which ought to govern speech.

ION.

GEORGE DAWSON.

WE believe we are breaking no confidence in divulging a fact which will interest several of our readers at a distance. It is well known to most of them, that George Dawson may be considered the founder of a sect in Birmingham, as unquestionably he is the Master of a chapel in which the most Catholic doctrines of Christianity receive their fullest utterance. It is natural that, for such a preacher, the members of the congregation should conceive a profound esteem, and warm personal affection. Such is the case; and an attempt is made to express that feeling, by the presentation of a portrait of their respected Master to his wife.

The idea originated with some ladies of the congregation, who have managed the whole matter with great ability and delicacy. There are circumstances which render this method of testifying to the affection of the con-

\* Our contemporary, the *Examiner*, says, that the English edition published by Mr. Bosworth is the only one on this side of the channel in the sale of which the authoress has direct interest. It is a well printed octavo, suitable to the library shelf, and sold at a price likely to tempt the most exacting lovers of cheap literature. Mr. Clarke, the publisher, advertises that the authoress has a direct interest in his editions. We trust the public will prefer that in which Mrs. Stowe is really concerned, and till the doubt is cleared up, we incline to believe in Mr. Bosworth's edition.



gregation peculiarly suitable. Mrs. Dawson is the preacher's most efficient auxiliary in carrying out the practical works which form a part of his spiritual regimen—the schools, the care of the poor, the elevation of the downcast. On the other hand, no good portrait exists, or none, at least, which is felt to convey a sufficient idea of the Master, as he appears in his vocation. And some of the fairer portion of the congregation express a natural desire to possess the record of his aspect before time shall have dimmed the fire of his eye, or cast its snow upon his dark locks.

Many outlying members of the congregation, and some, indeed, who are not to be reckoned as belonging to it, but are outside friends, have hastened to request permission to be amongst the number of those on whose behalf the portrait is to be presented.



## Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

### THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Leeds, September 1, 1852.

MR. EDITOR,—Can you do an old Teetotaler the justice of admitting two short letters in reply to "Ion"? Of the first charge on which he arraigns Temperance advocates, of being *too* zealous, it may be said that it is at least a venial one. Zeal is a thousand times more excusable and useful than that cold propriety which would not save a world except it could do it in full-dress. "Ion" seems to think that Homœopathy should be applied to Philanthropic and all other efforts, and Earnestness administered in infinitesimal doses. *The smaller the dose the greater the effect*, is now to rank as a profound axiom of moral science! Had not "Ion" so positively assured us of the fact, we could never have imagined that *our* "cause would have been half as strong again, if" we "had been but half as earnest!" Common sense and historic probabilities seem to authorize just the reverse conclusion—viz., "Twice the zeal would have doubled the effects." At any rate, I have the temerity to advise the Teetotalers (without losing their discretion) to appeal from "Ion" to the Future—and *try*.

But leaving the paradoxes of "Ion" for matters of more immediate importance, I anticipate his thanks for showing that he has fallen into *serious errors* in his estimate of the "dangers of the Temperance Movement."

1. We are charged with having "converted the honest name of Temperance into the disagreeable designation of Teetotalism," and of saying all sorts of wild things against "Moderation." An acute and candid mind must feel that there is some mistake here—that some Teetotalers and "Ion" use these words in a different sense. The *sense* in which Teetotalers do use them, it was the clear duty of "Ion" to ascertain. Some Teetotalers, especially in the early days of the movement, have allowed the words *temperate* and *moderate* to be applied to the use of *intoxicants* (as Dr. Tehudi applies them to arsenic) by the drinkers; but others, with Dr. Lees at the head of them, have long protested against such a misapplication of excellent words. His the ultra party—have, on this very account, long added a qualifying word, as *real* Temperance, *true* Moderation, expressly to prevent mistake about the words, and to suggest to such reasoners as "Ion" that they are begging the very question in debate, in assuming that true Temperance and Moderation (with which we have no quarrel) include the improper use of anything, or, what comes to the same, dietetically speaking, the use of *improper things*. With "Ion" these virtues appear but vague abstractions, with us they are *proprieties* reposing upon facts and

evidence. They hold "Teetotalism" to be a *species*, of which "Temperance" is the *genus*. Hence, when "Ion" represents that *we* think that genuine Temperance is one thing and Teetotalism another, he virtually misrepresents our views, and misconceives the entire question.

2. You may understand, therefore, with what astonishment "Temperance Teachers" find themselves charged with describing, even in their mildest mood, Moderation as "like unto an inclined plane, polished as glass and slippery as ice, on which, *if the foot be once placed*, you INEVITABLY slide to perdition;"—and Mr. Cruikshank's *Bottle* with asserting, or even *implying*, the "INFAMOUS MORAL" that murder, the madhouse, and the gallows, "will be the end of *every family* where a glass of wine is conscientiously poured out after dinner!!!" And is it true that my "approving correspondent" of the *Leader* could really credit as accurate such outrageous representations of our views—could really believe that *we* believed, or said, all this—and said it too, as "Ion" observes, in spite of "nineteen cases out of twenty notoriously to the contrary?" Is it necessary to expose such incredible absurdity?

As regards *The Bottle*, "Ion" ought to have remembered that Pictorial Illustration must deal with the most striking effects within the bounds of experience and probability, and is necessarily *elliptical* in its process. Could he not allow for these necessities of Art, and, out of the abundance of his generosity, have supplied some other and more likely *nexus* than he has done? His interpretation (for his phrase "called upon to believe" is not true) illustrates rather the unbridled impulses of Hypercriticism, than the candour and discrimination which should characterize the legitimate critic; and the same influence has led him to impute to "Temperance Teachers" conduct and convictions which *can* only be truly predicated of men utterly demented. Let those believe it who can.

3. It is in admirable keeping that "Ion," with alliterative extravagance, represents the Teetotaler as saying—"vice versa, if you *abstain* entirely, INSTEAD of being moderate, you are 'certain sure' to have a parlour, a parrot, a sideboard, and a fortune!" The words in Italics too clearly mark the animus of the writer; but "Ion" ought never to sacrifice truth, especially where the character and sentiments of others are concerned, to the desire to say a smart thing. Yet, all through, the article to us appears written under an animus to turn the worst-side out, whatever "Ion" may *consciously* intend,—an appearance fatal to the object at which he professes to aim. Witness his allusion to the Rev. Mr. Gale, who is said to have "outraged a company of ladies and clergymen with proposing that every missionary *should sign the pledge*—or" [ay, or] "something to that *suspicious effect*." Mr. Gale has the misfortune to be a Teetotaler. He gave ample and courteous notice of his intention to ask the meeting to express its opinion of the *desirableness* of Abstinence in the East (where Hindoo converts so often become drunkards, and disgrace their profession); he asked for no forced pledge—but simply, and tolerantly, that "as far as practicable, abstainers might be *encouraged*," instead of practically and intolerantly *discouraged* as hitherto. And for this the good man (guilty in the eyes of "Ion" and Bacchus of abstinence and zeal) had his spectacles smashed by Mr. Beilby, and is made a spectacle of by "Ion" in the *Leader*!

4. But from this isolated and individual case (of which far "more than the most" of truth is made), let us return to general illustrations.

"Ion" charges the Teetotalers with "pretending that intemperance is the *sole* cause of distress," &c. The decisive answer to this sweeping and strange allegation is to be found in the prominent connexion of Teetotalers with *all* the reforming and progressive movements of the day. They figure as religious reformers, as Sunday-school teachers, as advocates of popular education, as promoters of Mechanics Institutions and of Free-discussion, of Dietetic, Parliamentary, Financial, and Sanitary Reform—though ever preaching the fundamental gospel of *Self-Reform* and *Self-Reliance*. Even the *pledge* is not regarded as opposed to self-reliance, any more than marriage or a promissory note; but if "Ion" has some new-light on this subject, we, for one, are prepared at least to listen to him, and if we cannot answer him to become his disciple.

5. "Your moderate man," according to "Ion," "is the object of special and unrelenting antipathy to the Teetotaler; if he is simply a sensible, virtuous man, who avoids *all excess*, master of his own impulses, he is *sure* to be denounced by a *hundred pens* and tongues as the *cause of all the drunkenness, vice, crime, and murder in the world!!!*" Now we hold moderation, as a subjective state, in quite as high estimation as "Ion" can do, but we see no *sense* and no *morality*, in needlessly and artificially testing it, or in over—or unnaturally—exercising it. The Turk, for instance, to borrow

an illustration from Dr. Lees, has enough to do to master his own natural passions, without *creating* an abnormal appetite by the use of *opium*, in order to master it. And this reminds me of a Teetotal truism which would have saved "Ion" a world of words and much misrepresentation of our principles—viz., *that it is the DRINK (as a narcotic) which is in all cases\* the cause of the drunkard's appetite*—not "the moderate man," not even the drunkard. Does "Ion" actually think that Teetotalers, if they "denounce" at all, denounce the Man *because* he is "moderate, sensible, virtuous, and master of his own impulses?" We assert the simple fact that no one gets drunk from the *example* of the drunkard, any more than any man gambles from the example of the ruined and wretched gambler; but that the two evils result solely from trying to realize the lauded practices of "moderate drinking" and "moderate play." Nor does an artistic exhibition of a ruined gambler *mean*, or *imply*, the notorious falsehood, that *all* who play blow their brains out, but simply that such is the end at which many *have* arrived. If there be any "infamous moral" at all, then, it is in the *fact*—and "Ion" ought therefore to direct his steel-pen against *that* rock. We say, indeed, that in the precise ratio of a man's mastery of evil, and excellence of character, is the *seductiveness* of his example, and its *danger*, when associated with a practice dangerous or evil *in itself*—like that of opium eating, alcohol drinking, or gambling. If "Ion" knew our view of this subject (which is a "compliment" to the character and influence of the *men*, though a censure of the *act*), was it honourable to conceal it? If he did not know it, he can be no fit critic of the movement, since he does not understand its fundamental principles. If all the sensible and self-controlling people were *not to drink*, will "Ion" deny that their influence would be more wholesome and less dangerous? Yet that is all we have said—and I will challenge "Ion" to produce, not "one hundred pens," but *one pen* in any way representative of the movement, that *has said* what he imputes to us.

As I cannot deny another man's experience, he may possibly have found such narrow views and wretched logic as he describes among some teetotalers, (and not merely have mistaken them); but if so, I can only say he has been both unfortunate and peculiar in his acquaintance. Determined to *test* the truthfulness of "Ion's" representation, I repaired to a "horrid coffee-house," and tried the experiment of reciting in a promiscuous company of teetotalers and non-teetotalers, what "Ion" has so confidently advanced. With what result? On all sides I was accused of *hoaxing* them—they could not believe that *any* man could seriously put forth such "trash" for truth.

6. When "Ion" says that teetotalers denounce publicans as *intending* all the evil and crime which *result* from their traffic, we sincerely hope that *he* believes what he says, and is merely *echoing* a most absurd and groundless calumny. If he has ever heard from *teetotalers themselves* anything to warrant his representation, it must have been from the extreme outsiders—the mere Camp-followers of the army, who are the calamity and opprobrium of *every* movement, whether political, religious, or philanthropic.

There are two great divisions in the Temperance Camp—the *Ultras*, who have certain principles, and stand by them, and the *Compromisers*, whose governing rule is expediency. Now, if the repulsive doctrines he speaks so much about had a real existence anywhere, we should find them amongst the Ultras. Further, if we could lay our hand upon a man regarded by *both parties* as the Champion of Ultra views, we should find such doctrines embodied in him, or nowhere. To open the writings of such a *Leader*, if "Ion's" representation be anything but a figment, would be like throwing wide open the doors of a moral Charnel House, reeking with the rank offence. Now, Dr. Lees, designated by our critic "the Philosopher of the Teetotal ranks," is precisely that man. Yet "Ion" expressly, and *by name*, exempts him from all tinge of the moral enormities which have excited the critic's "indignant scorn." Does not this all but demonstrate that "Ion" is fighting with some dark shadows that have occasionally crossed his path, and which he has hastily mistaken for the abiding realities of the Temperance movement?

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not plead that we Temperance people are perfect, or, indeed, always as wise and moderate in language as we are with regard to liquor; but I mean that "Ion's" picture, in outline, colouring, or expression, is no *portrait* at all of the Temperance movement—is not even a *caricature*, but a gross and mischievous libel.

\* Has the critical "Ion" transferred what we say of *all cases of drunkenness to all cases of drinking*? We should be glad to believe that even so childish a fallacy had been the occasion of so serious a misrepresentation.

What more I have to say, I must defer to another week.  
Yours respectfully,

W. A. PALLISTER.

Leeds, September 4, 1852.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have too many irons in other fires just now to permit me to give more than a passing attention to the controversy on "Temperance" which at present literally *burns* in your pages. Indeed, the fire seems to me sufficiently hot already, considering that its subject is Cold Water, unless both "Ion" (who is *Anti-EARNEST*) and his "bottle-holder," the "EARNEST" of to-day, are resolved to make Teetotalism evaporate as *steam*! A little cool philosophy would, I think, serviceably abate the flame, and enable some of the combatants to look through a clearer atmosphere. Not that I agree with "Ion" in deprecating the *Earnest*, for I think that—

"One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling,  
Nor form nor feeling, great nor small;  
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,  
*An intellectual all-in-all,*"

can be but half a philosopher at best. However, I think that we have "steam" enough already, even for an Express-train, and that the thing needed is not another stoker to stir up the fire, but a wise Engineer to control the "expansive power," and *direct* the Engine down the right line. Whether "Ion" is destined to be "the Coming Man" remains to be seen.

I therefore desire only to offer here a word or two with the view of inducing the controversialists to avoid logomachy.

1. *As to words.* When I use Temperance and Moderation, I mean by them a subjective virtue and appropriate practice; *proper use*—including, of course, negatively, continence—withholding, or abstaining, from evil. When many Teetotalers use these words, they (from want of logical acumen) mean *what their opponents call* "Temperance," &c., but which is simply *gratifying* appetite (as by drinking), irrespective of the normal or abnormal quality of the appetite.

2. *As to definitions.* "Earnest" egregiously blunders in supposing that our practical abstinence is derived from *any verbal definition* of a poison whatever. A clever logomachist may, as we have seen done in the *Leader*, call different things by a generic name (as things *necessary* to health—atmospheric air, water, heat, pleasure; and things which *lower* health, as bad air, hot water, fire, fear—all *EXCITANTS*); but *that* will not induce practical men to confound things which differ in their *specific* effects. Men who are bent upon confusing thought by words, instead of clearing it, may puzzle themselves for ever; but whether "Earnest" calls arsenic and opium "*bread*," or bread, and water, and air "*poison*," we shall still go on in our practice, *because* we find, in fact, that one set of things are *bad*, and the other set *good*. FACTS, not phrases, are the foundation of the Teetotal philosophy. As regards the phrases, however, if it were worth while to bandy words with "Earnest," which it is not, we think we have by far the best of it.

3. *As to facts.* It is not true that "Earnest" can "govern his stomach." Alcohol, like opium, *will* have its physical effect on that organ, however "Earnest" may *morally* oppose the *longing for more*, which all narcotics tend *physically* to generate. What "Earnest" and "Ion" have to do is to show that this is *not* a law of narcotic stimulants, for this lies at the basis of the discussion. Till this is done I have nothing further to say. We are *not* surrounded with poisons. The breath of life is *not* the breath of death. The water of life is no more *aqua mortis* than *aqua fortis* is a wholesome beverage. What things are *composed of*, and what things are *composed INTO*, are altogether different matters in chemistry and physiology.

Teetotalers, as such, do *not* seek to make Teetotalism *law*—I don't think that any Teetotalers do. The "MAINE-LAW" is younger than Teetotalism by twenty years, and is *not* Teetotalism. Bishops and lords in the last century attempted to put down gin-palaces; were *they* Teetotalers? In this century, good men attempt to put down prize-rings, hells, and stews; are *they* intolerant therefore? The wisdom of such a course and the time for taking it are questions for debate; but *surely a country has a right to legislate in such matters*? We ought not to tolerate public evils.

Yours truly,

F. R. LEES.

#### ON TEMPERANCE IN GENERAL.

(To the Editor of the *Leader*.)

SIR,—"Ion" lately informed the readers of the *Leader* "that the temperance teachers represent moderation as an inclined plane, polished as marble, and slippery as ice, upon which, if the foot be once placed, you inevitably glide down to perdition." And also that by the same class of teachers we are gravely required to be-

lieve, or submit to be told, that the catastrophes represented in Cruickshank's *Bottle* will be realized in every family, "where a glass of wine is conscientiously poured out between husband and wife." Had "Ion" made himself acquainted with the character of teetotal advocacy, or been more scrupulous not to misrepresent it, he would have been better qualified to write for its reformation, if such reformation it needs. Teetotalers teach no such absurdity as that if you enter on the inclined plane of moderate drinking, you *inevitably* glide down to the perdition of excess; or that the end of *every family's* connexion with the bottle will be such as George Cruickshank has represented to be the end of *one* family. Were such the unvarying end of moderate drinking, teetotalers might save themselves their labour, the evil would quickly cure itself. What they do teach is, that the first glass prepares the way for the second, by lessening the power of self-control. Having the testimony of a great number of medical men, including the most eminent, that health and the highest enjoyment of life is consistent with total abstinence, and corroborated, as they fancy, by their own experience, they regard "moderation" as *wantonly* incurring danger. If but one man, or one family in a hundred, realize the uttermost ruin to which those drinks tend, this, added to all the modified degrees of misery short of perdition, attending on the more moderate use, they deem sufficient to make total abstinence imperative. Many of them, before "Ion" was heard of, have listened to their cost, to what he would designate the teaching of "rational temperance." They justly look with suspicion upon those who while preaching against excess, would *lead them into temptation* by the example of "moderation." Such leaders, thank God, they have abandoned for the teachers of a sounder philosophy.

"Ion," of course, has no sympathy with the rudeness with which Mr. Gale was treated by Mr. Beilby at the Birmingham Church Missionary meeting. But still all his sympathy appears to be with the outraged ladies and clergymen to whom Mr. Gale wished to submit this outrageous amendment, as an addition to the motion before the meeting,—"*That it be an instruction to the committee, as far as possible, to encourage the employment as missionaries, of those gentlemen who abstain altogether from intoxicating liquors, except under the advice of a medical attendant.*" "A body of educated gentlemen might well feel outraged," quoth "Ion," "at this gratuitous imputation put upon their powers of self-conduct." Had Mr. Gale formed a malicious design of exposing before the country, how soon "an audience of ladies" could be transformed into a mob, and how unreverend and ungentelemanly reverend gentlemen could be, and of how little avail was their education and power of self-conduct under the slightest provocation, of the gentlest and most courteous indirect recommendation of abstinence from strong drink, it is not easy to conceive how he could have done it more effectually.

"An eminent London writer" deems himself also outraged (outrage upon outrage), because the keeper of a temperance hotel chooses to be true to his pretensions, and makes no better provision for his "stomach's sake, and often infirmities," than did the Commissioners of the Crystal Palace in their refreshment rooms at the world's fair: "and these cases are of common occurrence," sorrowfully adds "Ion."

"Ion," some time since, pointed one of his correctional epistles to those Chartists who, in addition to the six points, contend for the "name and all," urging the propriety of dropping the name, on account of the false ideas that it suggested of levelling, spoliation, &c. When such writers as "Ion" have made their misrepresentations of teetotalism sufficiently current, some future "Ion" will deem it his duty to advise the teetotalers to drop the "disagreeable designation" for a similar reason. It is not the *name* in either case that is the offence, but the *thing* signified, and the misrepresentation is but a manifestation of that unprincipledness which cannot allow a hated cause to appear in its true colours.

Unless "Ion's" forthcoming correction of anti-slavery advocacy, show a better acquaintance with his subject, or more candour, he will serve that cause as little as he has done that of teetotalism. Yours truly,  
GEORGE SUNTER, JUN.

Derby Aug. 24, 1852.

#### THE TRUE THEORY OF PROPERTY.

(To the Editor of the *Leader*.)

London, August 31, 1852.

SIR, In yesterday's (Monday's) *Times*, there was a somewhat forcible article, holding up to scorn a party recently formed in the United States, who proclaim that *man* has an inherent right to the soil.

The *Times* most unfairly assumes that this principle involves the holding of all property in common.

It strikes me that this is purposely done, to bring, or, rather, to keep the question in disrepute.

For my part, I believe that to carry out the idea of an *individual* right to the soil, is an utter impracticability; and, if practicable, not desirable.

At the same time, I think it could easily be shown, that the rents derived from the holding of land, as private property, are a source of wealth essentially different, and antagonistic to the holding of private property derived either from the wages of labour or the profits of capital.

I observe with indignation such journals as the *Times*, whenever property of any sort is mentioned, at once thumping all descriptions of property into one common category.

Nothing can be more fatal to human advancement. And yet we fall into the snare. Right to the soil gives the possessor a power to levy tribute, on both labour and capital, for liberty to carry on production.

Whatever that tribute may be, is a deduction from the capitalist and the labourer, sometimes acting more or less severely on the one or the other, as demand and supply fluctuate. This rent or tribute, however, is essentially different and opposed to both the reward of labour or the profits of capital.

As shown in my former letter,\* our ancestors who paid this tribute, attached to the payment stringent conditions; let us keep the original agreement in view; at all events, do not let us fall into the trap of confounding all sorts of wealth as alike in principle, and the day will soon come when we shall be able clearly to separate them.

Yours obediently,

A TIN-PLATE WORKER.

#### THE PROGRESS OF INFANTICIDE.

(To the Editor of the *Leader*.)

SIR,—Your article headed "Moloch," on the increase of the crime of infanticide, is astounding; nor is the shadowing forth of the amount at all overstated.

We have at this time the walls of our town placarded with bills offering 50*l.* reward for the detection of the murderer of a new-born male child found on the 15th of August. Before the jury we had complete proofs of a young woman in custody having been pregnant, and delivered at or about the time, and many most suspicious circumstances were evident, implicating her with the crime before us; but, owing to the cunning and falsehood of the witnesses, all Irish, nothing *tangible* could be proved.

Upon that inquest it was declared by the coroner, and assented to as probable by the surgeon, that there were, as near as could be calculated, about *three hundred children* put to death yearly in Leeds alone, that were not registered by the law. In other words, three hundred infants are murdered to avoid the consequences of their living; and these murders, as the coroner said, are never detected.

I do not, however, think, with you, it is "cant" to require a "suggested remedy;" and I for one should be glad to hear you fearlessly speak out that which your cultivated reason and experience would give as likely to remove this horrible canker in our social condition. It is clear, infanticide does not end or begin with the object of murder. The state of mind that leads to and follows after such a crime against nature, is closely allied with and follows other transactions of life, the fruit of which will ripen in other fields than are commonly suspected, and produce results in practice as deplorable as the crime would indicate.

J. H.

Leeds, September 15, 1852.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A regular Subscriber" will find his request attended to, if he will call at our office for a note containing the particulars he requires.

To answer the statistical questions of "A Subscriber" with satisfactory precision would demand more time than we are able to bestow.

ERRATUM.—In our *Country* Edition of last week, in the article on "Socialism and its latest Traducer," p. 874, second column, for "that property, &c., is a fact confirmed by all," read "*is in fact consumed by all.*"

HOW TO TREAT A RATTLESNAKE.—Our guide told us he was once camping out with an old Indian; it was midday, and he was lying on the ground whilst the old chief was reclining with his back against a tree, when suddenly to his horror he saw a large rattlesnake wriggle itself deliberately across the old chief's naked body. The snake seemed to enjoy the warmth of it, remaining for some time on the Indian's stomach. The chief himself was watching it all the time, but dared not move an inch, knowing if he did so the snake would strike him. At length, without moving a muscle, he made a peculiar hissing noise, and the snake, after lifting up his head and listening, glided away.—*SULLIVAN'S Rambles in America.*

\* See *Leader*, No. 124.



# Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

NOVELTY is vital to a newspaper. If you have not news to feed subscribers with, they naturally enough throw you aside: you cease to exhibit your *raison d'être*, as the philosophers say. And yet when there is no news?

Readers generally put up very well with what is called a "flat season;" they are in no dearth of books; and the absence of novelties only enables them to live in more familiar intimacy with the books of a past age. Thus, for example, when the passing day brings with it no gossip, we turn to the pleasant gossip of PLINY'S *Letters*, and do not find ourselves the worse. But that which we and the Reader, too, privately find to be an agreeable compensation, in our "public capacity"—as journalists, on the one hand, and subscribers on the other, finds no acceptance at all. If we have no news to communicate, we must "show cause why."

This is one of the hardships of our office. Another, and a worse, is that of being forced to taste food for which we have no appetite, in order to tell an omnivorous public "what to eat, drink, and avoid." That PLINY, to whom we referred just now, reminds us how at a feast we praise the whole, though tasting but a few of the dishes, not allowing a rebellious stomach to erect its decisions into laws for others: "Nam et in ratione conviviorum quamvis a plerisque cibis singuli temperemus, totam tamen cœnam laudare omnes solemus: nec ea, quæ stomachus noster recusat, adimunt gratiam illis, a quibus capitur;" all which is polite and philosophical, but touches not the Critic. He must taste all, and pronounce accordingly. What is it to him that the sheep nibble the short grass, the cow the long and coarse, the noble horse seeking out the fine and tender, and the honest ass disdaining all for thistle and furze: he must eat for all, and decide for all; and, having honestly got through his task, must submit to be told that his opinion is "malicious," if not favorable; for you will observe, that an author cannot be made to understand how it comes to pass that his critic does not admire him, if "impartial."

But a monitor warns us that this plea for journalism in a dull season is not news, and we must see what the week really has furnished in that way. If it have furnished nothing else, it has given us some more poetry by ALEXANDER SMITH, in the pages of *The Critic*, where the reader is advised to seek it, until some publisher shall have practical sense enough to collect the exuberant fragments of this young poet, and make a volume of them. There is much to be said in the way of deduction from the eminent merits of this writer, so prodigal in imagery, and so poor, as yet, in experience, but there is no mistaking the fact—and it is a "great fact" to be recorded of any one—that he is a born Singer, a poet by divine right. Read but the opening lines of this scene from *A Life Drama*:

"The lark is singing in the blinding sky,  
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea  
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,  
And in the fulness of his marriage joy,  
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,  
Retires a space to see how fair she looks,  
Then proud, runs up to kiss her."

Is not the fancy beautifully set forth? And observe the perfect originality of the imagery. He does not call upon his memory for the echoes of other men's verses; he paints what his imagination distinctly sees—the tawny shore, the fond retiring sea, and the proud rush of fondness and delight to kiss the beautiful brow of his "wedded bride." That is poetry in its essence.

Very different, not in degree but in kind, is the poetry which calls forth the just severity of the *Irish Quarterly Review*, in an article (all "malice" of course) on READE, BULWER, and MOIR. In this said number of the *Irish Quarterly* will be read with interest, a paper of antiquarian prattle on the *Streets of Dublin*, and a long but ineffectual attempt to make out that the late Dr. MAGINN was a man of genius and a very considerable writer. There is something hearty, though not very wise, in the enthusiastic admiration of Irishmen for Irishmen; and that strange national partiality which makes a marvel of CATHERINE HAYES, may excuse the writer of the article on MAGINN, for comparing him with LUCIAN, RABELAIS, and FIELDING. But to those in whose veins the rich current of Irish blood flows not, MAGINN must stand as a quite fourth-rate writer. His scholarship was more showy than solid; to judge, at least, by any evidence he has left. His wit was rather animal spirits than the wine of intellect. His poetry was of that kind which most literary men can write. His attainments in philosophy and politics were not noticeable; and his novels were barely readable. In the "slashing" days of *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, and the *John Bull*, MAGINN'S rollicking, reckless, prejudiced, and amusing contributions made him of some mark; but nothing that he then wrote will bear re-reading, and the specimens which his friendly critic adduces are but meagre performances at the best. The article is curious, however, in many respects. In none more so than in the picture it presents of the life of a "writer about town" in those days: a sad picture, since it presents that deepest of all impieties, an unworthy life—

Dell' immenza impietà, la vita indegna.

## RAMBLES IN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

*Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America.* By Edward Sullivan, Esq. Bentley.

THE unassuming narrative of what an English gentleman saw and suffered in North and South America, is not a book to be slighted, although one cannot lay much stress upon it. Mr. Sullivan is essentially English in all his thoughts and tendencies. He went away strongly biased in favour of our government and institutions; he returned confirmed in his bias. The fact is, cursory observation, such as he could give, must only tend to strengthen prejudices, or to suggest false generalizations; and if his mind had been one degree more philosophical than it is, he would, with wise moderation, have abstained from any conclusion whatever. Let us hasten to add, that Mr. Sullivan troubles the reader with very little political or social speculation. He has his eyes open, and notes down what he sees with a certain English straightforwardness and matter-of-factness very agreeable to read. He indulges in no flights of frivolous rhetoric, wearies us with no tabular ostentation of second-hand statistics, irritates us with no "profundities" or "prophecies," but quietly, without emphasis, without affectation, tells us what he saw and thought. An occasional feeble attempt at jocosity serves to prove it not habitual to him; and he quietly relapses into his unaffected manner. Travelling for pleasure, yet, like his countrymen, understanding by pleasure all activity, however dangerous, he does not saunter from town to town, but "lives fast," whether in town or on the prairie. It is, however, on the prairie he is most at home. His English manliness has full play there,—his English prejudices are in abeyance. How like an Englishman, strong in his love of the "dear old establishment," is this:—

"There being no established church in America, dissent and unbelief flourish in their rankest growth, and Boston takes the lead in the manufacture of new religions. Owing to the influence Dr. Channing exercised at Boston, the Unitarians compose a large majority; but as in arithmetic unity is next to nothing, so in religion the belief of a Unitarian is very close to no belief at all. A new sect of Unitarians, calling themselves Transcendentalists, and embracing a majority of Unitarians, are nothing more nor less than Free-thinkers. They find it very easy, after reasoning themselves with a great deal of labour into a disbelief in the existence of Two Persons of the Trinity, to extend the doubt to the Third Person. The ease with which the Abbé Siéyes promulgated fresh constitutions, is a joke to the celerity with which the popular preachers of Boston propound fresh religions. They are quite above following in the old paths of Christianity, and unless they have some new idea for their audience every Sunday, their popularity would soon be on the wane.

"The Roman-catholic is the next most powerful sect—then Baptists, &c., the Episcopalian coming fifth or sixth. In America, the Baptist, Unitarian, and Episcopalian congregations, appear to be composed equally of all classes of the community, and the preponderance of any one class is not remarked. I am quite convinced from what I have seen in America, that an established church is the only certainly the best means, of ensuring the proper amount of order and decency in the conduct of Divine service."

He does not like

### SARATOGA.

"Saratoga, the Cheltenham of America—though from the vulgarisms one sees perpetrated there it reminded one more of Ramsgate in August—is the paradise of snobs, and is, without exception, the most odious place I ever spent twenty-four hours in. It is famous for some mineral springs, and crowded during three or four months of the year with New York and Boston shop-keepers, and snobs, dressed within an inch of their lives; women in excess of Parisian fashion, with short sleeves; men in extra Newmarket and bad Parisian style, crammed to the number of three and four thousand in five or six large hotels, breakfasting together, dining together at two o'clock, smirking and flirting the whole time. The men smoke all day, swinging in rocking chairs, and squirting tobacco juice between their feet, or over their neighbour's shoulders. The ladies promenade before them, talking loud, and making eyes—altogether it is the most forced and least natural state of society I ever saw. It is the quintessence of snobbism, beating Ramsgate or Margate in August. In the latter places the cockneys have no pretence whatever, but eat shrimps out of strawberry pottles, and bury themselves in the sand, because they really enjoy it, and don't care sixpence what other people think of them; whereas at Saratoga, if a lady were to go to dinner in a morning dress, or a gentleman walk about in a shooting jacket, public opinion would be so strong against them, that their friends, if they had any, would have to cut them."

But we will quit the thick air of cities to follow him on the prairie, and catch a glimpse of our old friends the Indians:—

"Crossing the Chippeway River, we at length reached 'Lacqui-Parle,' and found a camp of nearly two hundred 'lodges,' about two thousand Indians in all, collected from the Rocky Mountains and every part of the Sioux territory, waiting for McLeod's arrival with the ammunition, and also under the impression that there was a treaty pending with the American government respecting the purchase of some of their land bordering on the Mississippi. The first glimpse of the encampments, the setting sun shining on two hundred cow-skin lodges, as white as snow (the Indians kill the cows in summer for their lodges and for their own dresses, as the skins are not warm enough for the traders to buy), with hundreds of horses tethered about, was altogether a highly picturesque and wild scene. There were about two hundred young men, stripped to the waist, in their war-paint and plumes, performing the scalp-dance to the monotonous chant of about two hundred squaws, who were squatted round forty poles, from which were suspended the scalps of some wretched Pawnee men, women, and children, which had been brought in by a war-party a few days before. They had come suddenly on the Pawnee encampment, whilst the warriors were on a hunt, and had made a great 'raise.' Every now and then during the dance, some warrior would dash forward and strike his tomahawk into some particular post, signifying that he was the 'brave' who had taken that scalp. Whereupon the squaws would redouble their chants, culling out his name, and extolling his bravery; and then suddenly changing their tones, they would break out into a yell, expressing contempt for the unfortunate deceased, calling him dog, coward, and other abusive epithets, and abusing his father, mother, and relatives to the latest generation. It is rather a disgusting sight, but gave us a greater idea of savage life than anything we saw during the trip."

Here again we catch a glimpse of

#### AN INDIAN WARRIOR.

"The Elk that stands at bay" was a remarkably fine, well-made fellow, of about forty, with a chest like a buffalo bull. I persuaded him, in exchange for powder and paint, to part with his wardrobe, adorned with paintings of his most remarkable feats: and through the interpreter I made him describe the battles, which he did in the most animated manner, with a great deal of very clever pantomimic action, creeping on his knees through the lodge, when he wanted to show how he stole unawares on his enemies; and then again drawing himself up to his full height, with the air of a prince, to show how he behaved when taken prisoner. He gave me an account of a Chippeway he had scalped some five weeks before. His leg had been broken, and he lay perfectly helpless in the prairie, his friends having left him. He was perfectly unmoved when his enemy approached, but when he felt the knife round his top-knot, he shrank from it, which the Elk said was a pity, as otherwise he had shown himself a brave warrior. On inquiring whether he lived after being scalped, he said, "No; for that before he left him he passed his knife into his heart;" most likely quite slowly, and taunting him the whole time."

Innocence of savage life! O Rousseau! Mr. Sullivan will not even admit that the savages are "free."

"The cant about the trammels of civilization, and the perfect liberty and independence of the savage in his native state, roaming where he listeth, is all humbug; nobody, in reality, has less liberty than the savage Indian. He cannot say, 'This country and manner of life does not suit me; I will go and live elsewhere.' The instant he sets his foot out of his own country, he knows he will be scalped. His position realizes to the letter—'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.' His every moment is taken up by his exertions to procure food. The laws even of the society he exists in render him anything but a free agent. Witness the young warrior whose lodge was slit up on a cold winter's night, and his gun broken, because he had hunted without leave—(game laws, with a vengeance). The more civilized and enlightened a country becomes, the greater liberty of thought and action its inhabitants enjoy. The honest labourer or sweeper of crossings in London has more real freedom than the proudest chief that ever hunted buffalo on the prairie."

As a set-off, however, let us mention the fact, that no one having tasted of this Indian life returns to civilization. There is something more in life than comforts or the "British Constitution;" some more energetic form of life can be lived than that of our miserable prejudiced-cramped civilization, which did we not hold it as a mere *transition* stage to a higher life, we should call a wretched failure.

From the anecdotes he relates, we select two, sufficiently suggestive:—

#### A TEXAN DUEL.

"St. Louis is famous for a duel that took place there some time ago. A regular fighting man and bully insulted a young man, and challenged him to fight: the novice refused to fight, except in a perfectly dark room, which was agreed to. The two men were put into a dark room, armed with bowie knives and revolvers, and the seconds were not to open the door for half-an-hour. At the end of that time they did so, and found the young man sitting at one end of the room smoking his pipe, and the body of his antagonist lying on the middle of the floor, with the head completely severed from the body and placed on it, so as to face the door! The young man said they had followed each other about in the dark for some time without meeting, at length he drew himself up in a corner, quite close to the wall, and judging of his opponent's approach by his breathing, made a blow at him, and killed him on the spot."

The second comes in timely to support Mrs. Stowe's painful story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, (a book we should have reviewed weeks ago, but that its excessive painfulness prevented our reading it through.)

"I heard a very painful case that happened at Memphis, some short time before I was there. It is only a particular instance of cruelty which might, I have no doubt, be multiplied a dozen times, and which must continually take place when there is no law (not even a 'Martin's Act') to protect the Negro from the passion and spite of his owner. A slave dealer bought a slave from a plantation in Kentucky; the man was a first-rate mechanic and blacksmith, and his master only parted with him because he was 'hard up,' with the proviso that his wife, to whom he was much attached, should not be separated from him. The sum paid for him was 1000 dollars—200% after the sale; the slaves were taken as usual to the gaol to be lodged for the night, the Negro being satisfied by the promise that his wife should accompany him the next day. The following morning, however, when the gang of slaves were brought out, chained two and two together by their wrists, preparatory to commencing their journey, the blacksmith looked in vain for his wife, and on inquiring where she was, the slave-driver laughed at him, and said: 'Oh! you don't suppose I am going to drag your wife about to please you, do you? that was only a blind to get you from your master.' The slave said nothing, but soon after he drew his chain companion to where there was a hatchet, and taking it up in his left hand, which was free, he deliberately chopped off his right hand at the wrist, and holding up the stump to the slave-driver, said: 'There, you gave 1000 dollars for me, yesterday, what will you get now?'

"This case created rather a feeling even in Kentucky, and a subscription was got up to buy the Negro back, and restore him to his wife; but the demon in human shape, his master, refused to part with him at any price, saying, 'That he would not lose his revenge for having been made such a fool of, for ten thousand dollars; that as the man chose to cut his own hand off, he should learn to pick cotton with the other, and he would take care he lived long enough to repent of what he had done.' There was no law to interfere, not even to control his brutality, and in a few days the slave was marched off south. Can anything much worse be instanced in the most cruel days of Rome and her emperors? The sufferings even of Catiline's slaves that he chained up to the necks in his fish-ponds to be devoured piecemeal by lampreys, were of shorter duration than the sufferings of this man."

We are dipping very capriciously into these pages, which abound in extractable matter, and must reserve several passages for future use. Here is something that will arrest the eye of all male readers:—

#### HAVANA CIGARS.

"The Havana is, *par excellence*, the paradise of smokers; the climate and the mode of life both induce a desire for the fragrant weed; and then, such tobacco!

I think nobody who has not smoked a cigar just made of the best tobacco, can have an idea of what a really perfect cigar is. In England we never see the tobacco that is smoked by the luxurious creoles of the Havana. The retail shops which, by paying high, get the pick of the market, select a certain number of the best leaves, which they roll up and sell to their regular customers every day, as they are rolled. They are roughly made, and probably would not sell in England. A regular smoker will consume, perhaps, twenty or thirty a-day, but they are all fresh: what we call a fine old cigar, a Cuban would not smoke. He either buys them day by day, as they are made, or else he buys a good batch when he gets a chance, and keeps them in air-tight packets of twelve, or twenty, or whatever his daily consumption may be, so consuming one packet every day. The best cigar I ever smoked before or since, was one given me by Baron Rothschild's agent, at a party at his house; it was a rough-pressed one, called a 'vecquero,' and was made of one leaf, with no wrapper. Certainly a cigar is the most fascinating shape for the consumption of tobacco.

"The best tobacco is only grown in a very small district, called the Vuelta de Abajo, on the north side of the island; it is a very variable crop, and the qualities and flavour of different seasons vary as much as the vintages of Burgundy. The season of 1851 produced the most abundant and finest flavoured crop that has been known in the island for some time. Though, undoubtedly, the best tobacco is grown in the island of Cuba, and the best cigars made at the Havana, yet such is the demand at present in Europe for the real Havanas, that all the sickly plants and damaged leaves that formerly were thrown aside are now manufactured, and I have bought cigars there quite as bad as any British cabbage that one could buy for a half-penny in an English pot-house: moreover, a great quantity of tobacco is imported into the Havana from Virginia, and manufactured there, and as twice the number of cigars are exported than the island produces tobacco enough to manufacture, it follows, that (omitting the great number smoked in Cuba itself, which are all genuine) at least one-half of the cigars sold in Europe as real Havanas, and which do actually come from thence, are made of American tobacco, which, being packed in cases, goes through the same process as the tobacco of which our connoisseurs profess such a contempt when made into our British cigars. In London or Liverpool there is only one reason why the British manufactured cigar should not be as good as the same tobacco manufactured where it is grown, namely, that from being tightly packed in casks, it has to be soaked before it can be rendered soft enough to be rolled into a smokable shape, and this is supposed to affect its flavour; but I think there is a great deal of imagination and fancy on the subject. I am not sure that, if I were offered an average Havana, and a good British cigar, I should select the former.

"I went continually to the cigar manufacturers during my stay at the Havana: fifty or perhaps a hundred men are seated at long tables under sheds, each with a heap of rough tobacco leaves before him, and by his side a few finer leaves that have been picked out, moistened and ironed; these are what they call wrappers, and upon the fineness of the wrapper, its colour and freedom from fibres or veins, and not upon the quality of the interior tobacco, depends the appearance and value of the cigar in the European market. The workman takes a number of leaves from the rough heap—instinct seems to direct him how many—and with two or three rolls between the palms of his hands and the table, forms them into the shape and size required: he then lays the wrapper on the table, and with one roll finishes the cigar, all except the end, which he twiddles round to a point in about a second. This is the most difficult part of the business, and it is very seldom that one sees a very good point: there is only one man who they say can make a perfect one, and he is employed by Cabañas; his wages are very high. The cigars made out of the same tobacco are given to different men, who sort them into three equal batches, Primeras, Segundas, Terceras, or first, second, and third qualities, and in this they are guided entirely of course by the neatness of the rolling, or the fineness and colour of the wrapper. The price of ordinary-sized cigars for the London market would be, Primera, 25 dollars, 5% per thousand; second quality, 18 dollars, or about 3% 10s. per thousand; third quality, 15 dollars, about 3% per thousand; now the third quality is just exactly the same tobacco as the other two; it is only the outside wrapper that is at all inferior, the advantage of this being of a fine texture is, that it burns truer. Those for high-priced regalias for the London market, which are as high as from 120 to 200 dollars per thousand, are selected with great care as regards colour, texture, and freedom from veins and fibres. I went to see a case of some thousands that were going home to the Great Exhibition; they were manufactured by Patagras, one of the first manufacturers; they were selected with the greatest care, and most beautifully made of all shapes and sizes, by different wooden models. They had cost the manufacturers from three to four hundred dollars a thousand, but barring the wrappers, the tobacco was no better than that which was used for much cheaper ones. The pale cigars one sees with white specks in them, have a wrapper made of the outside leaf of the tobacco plant, which being nearest the ground, has been blanched by the moisture and the sun, and lost a good deal of its flavour. The plant itself rather resembles a cabbage."

In parting with Mr. Sullivan, we are tempted to correct an error he has fallen into in correcting "a popular error."

"By the way, it is a popular error to suppose the Gorgon's head was a monster; on the contrary, it was the very quintessence of beauty,—a lovely face at which the gazer was amazed and fascinated, and which caused his destruction by a far more pleasant sensation than that of fear."

If Mr. Sullivan has seen any casts of the Gorgon's head, he will remember, that besides the *terrible* beauty of that calm regular face, there is the terror of its serpent-locks, which would be quite sufficient to produce the effect. An agreeable sensation is the very last it would produce.

#### SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

*Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform.* Chiefly from the *Edinburgh Review*, corrected, vindicated, and enlarged in notes and appendices. By Sir Wm. Hamilton, Bart. Longman and Co.

Among the remarkable minds of this age, Sir William Hamilton holds a foremost rank; and it is owing to the general discredit into which Metaphysics have deservedly fallen, that his name is not incessantly recurring. Even for those who, like ourselves, regard Metaphysics at the present day as nothing more than intellectual gymnastics (and Plato in many a passage says, that Philosophy is for the mind what Gymnastics is for the body, so that our heresy has the shield of a great name), the writings of Sir William have singular fascination: his vast and various erudition, quite



medieval in its cast, his subtlety and vigour of thought, his earnest language, and his commanding influence, which is not to be confined to any one quality, but springs from the native force and life of his intellect, irresistibly attract readers to him and endear him to all pupils. He has been a power in his time. His influence over the minds of younger men, especially in Scotland, is not to be mistaken; and considering how little is written to bear to after times a testimony of his powers, it was a real regret that his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* were not gathered into a separate volume, the more so as they had been republished in France and Italy. This regret is now at an end. The volume before us contains all his contributions, together with a considerable amount of matter altogether new. As a companion volume to his edition of *Reid's Works* (alas! still incomplete), this will be very welcome.

The volume opens with his celebrated article on Cousin's Philosophy, in which he shatters all ontological theories of the Absolute, and does good service by so doing. We cannot, however, restrain the expression of our surprise, that Sir William should still continue to speak of Cousin with such flattering respect, now that the unworthy tricks by which Cousin gained his reputation as a *savant* and a thinker have been exposed.

The second article is on the "Philosophy of Perception," a masterpiece of learning and acuteness, in which poor Thomas Brown is terribly mauled, and reduced to insignificance. Among other things we note, *en passant*, that this article, defending the utility of metaphysical studies, finds nothing better to be said of them than that they are mental gymnastics. Sir William says, that the comparative utility of a study is not to be principally estimated by the complement of truths which it may communicate; but by the degree in which it determines our higher capacities to action. And this is true. But Sir William, and all who side with him, seem to overlook the fact, that Positive Science is equally efficacious—not to say more so—as a mental exercise, besides communicating available truths; while the moral, psychical and religious questions hitherto claimed as the exclusive property of Metaphysics, are equally the objects of Positive Philosophy.

The third article is a merciless mangling of the Rev. Arthur Johnson's translation of Tennemann's *History of Philosophy*. The fourth, an elaborate review of certain treatises on *Logic*. The fifth, an account of George Dalgarno's work on the *Deaf and Dumb*, with a history of the treatment of that question. The sixth, reviews Arthur Collier's *Idealism*, and closes the philosophical section.

In Literature, we have the celebrated article on the authorship of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, and an article on the revolutions in Medicine *à propos* to Dr. Cullen's Life.

In Education we have, first, the long, elaborate, and triumphant refutation of Whewell on the Study of Mathematics as an exercise of Mind, in which the exclusive study of Mathematics is shown to be disastrous and enfeebling, instead of invigorating. We should have much to say on this article did time and space permit; meanwhile it is one our readers ought attentively to study. The rest of the volume, except the valuable appendices, is occupied with discussions of University Reform. A copious index is added, which, in such a library of learning as this volume, is more than ever indispensable.

#### BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

*Switzerland and Savoy.* With a Map. D. Bogue.

THIS, the second of *Bogue's Guides for Travellers*, contains plain and serviceable directions for all kinds of tourists in Switzerland and Savoy, in a pleasant and portable form. It will take a long while before *Murray* is driven out of an Englishman's notions of "indispensables;" but if Mr. Bogue continue resolutely to produce accurate and available *Guides* he will gain his public at last.

*Michaud's History of the Crusades.* Translated from the French by W. Robson. Vol. III. George Routledge.

THIS, the third volume, completes Mr. Robson's translation of Michaud's learned and indispensable work on the Crusades; a worthy undertaking worthily executed. An ample index is judiciously added.

*Nile Notes of a Hawadji; or, the American in Egypt.* By G. W. Curtis. H. Vizetelly.

THIS is the fourth volume of the pleasant series of "Readable Books." We like it less than its predecessors. Mr. Curtis, though a man of talent, has "great affectations," and there is something mechanical in the caprices of his style. There are some amusing Notes, however, made on the Nile, and the book is well illustrated.

*The Satires of Juvenal, Persius, Sulpicia, and Lucilius.* Literally translated into English Prose. By the Rev. Lewis Evans, M.A. (Bohn's Classical Library.) H. G. Bohn.

THIS is the latest addition to Bohn's *Classical Library*, and is one of the most careful. Besides the literal prose version, the metrical translations of Gifford are added, and in the notes many of Dryden's happy lines are quoted by way of variorum readings.

*Bible Exercises; or, Scripture References for Schools and Families.* By Miss Ann. R. Theobald.

*The Treasure Seeker's Daughter.* By Hannah Lawrence. A. Cockshaw.

*A Letter to Dr. Lyon Playfair.* By W. H. Robertson. Bradbury and Evans.

*A Walk Across the French Frontier into North Spain.* By Lieut. March. Richard Bentley.

*Rambles and Serambles in North and South America.* By E. Sullivan. Richard Bentley.

*The Hair of Sherborne; or, the Attainder.* 3 vols. Richard Bentley.

*The Parlour Library—The Gentleman of the Old School.* By G. P. R. James. Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

*Romanism an Apostate Church.* By Non-Clericus. Simms and McIntyre.

*The Picture Pleasure Book.* Longman and Co.

*The Charm: a Magazine for Boys and Girls.* Addley and Co.

*Gleanings from the Gold Fields. A Guide for the Emigrant in Australia.* Addley and Co.

*Macphail's Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal.* Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

*The Reasoner.* Part LXXVII. J. Watson.

*Six Discourses on the Functions of the Lungs.* By S. S. Fitch. L. H. Chandler.

*The Fall of the Great Nations.* By Vindox. W. and F. G. Cash.

*A Brief Inquiry into the Natural Rights of Man.* James Watson.

*The Child's First Letter Book.* The Child's Second Letter Book. By G. J. Holyoake. James Watson.

*Novello's School Round Book.* J. A. Novello.

*Choirs and Organs: their Proper Position in Churches.* By W. Spark. J. A. Novello.

*Handel's Serenata, Acta and Galatea, in Vocal Score.* J. A. Novello.

*Handel's Ode, Alexander's Feast, in Vocal Score.* J. A. Novello.

## Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourage itself.—GOETHE.

## LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

V.

December 12, 1851.

TO you, my dear Giorgio, I must write this time, because I have such things to tell that I would rather address to your own manly eyes than to the sisterly eyes of our dear Helen. Not that there is anything which, upon a necessity, I should fear to tell to that most noble lady; as there is nothing which reverent truth may not tell to reverent truth on behalf of truth and life. Courage is not less a woman's duty than man's. A woman who cannot venture alone wherever love and good deeds may call, is not worthy, and cannot undergo the full strength of love and faith; but he is a recreant, who, in idleness or indifference, can suffer a woman needlessly to be alone where an esquire would be fitting. So the man that can familiarize a woman's eyes to the direct view of that which is vile is a traitor; although weak are the eyes which cannot look upon the fallen, weak is the heart which is deterred by the dread of squalor from holding out a sincere firm hand of help to the degraded. Wherefore, although I know full well that what you possess Helen will read, I will rather speak of these things to you, and let them reach her through the freedom which is consecrated by the love between you.

I had resolved to find out the reason why Julia Sidney insulted Mrs. Edwardes the other night, and to that end I set forth to seek her; but I had not her address, and I knew that Stanhope could give it me; so I went to his studio. Strangely enough, I had never been in it. Soon after I met him, he went into Somersetshire, where, as you know, I joined him; and he did not return so soon as I did.

On my way I called at the Johnsons'. The man himself was in his shop, as usual; the son was out of the way. Johnson was busier than ever: a rival had opened a shop three doors off, more splendid in its fittings, much lower in prices. "It is ruinous," said Johnson; "but of course I must beat the rascal." So he was laying out his money as fast as he could in new shop fronts, counters, and ornamental works; and with an air of malignant glee he pointed out to me his sugar which he should lose by, his tea, his spices. "Indeed," he said, "I am not only beating him, but we find that Fillmore's customers are coming to us." I left him delighted at this triangular duel in trade, and went up stairs. When I entered the drawing-room, there was a dead silence; and I soon saw that there was something amiss. Mrs. Johnson looked more than ordinarily sad and stern, in her benign black silk gown and white lace cap; a flush of anger was passing off Miss Selby's pale cheek, and her slender bosom was panting under its decorous stuff dress; the younger ladies were shy and embarrassed. Needlework was going on as usual; and except the altered countenances, there was nothing to mark a difference from the aspect of that room as I had seen it so many times before. Mrs. Johnson, however, was too full of the calamity which had befallen the house to let me go away without a disclosure: she did not mind telling me, she said; and accordingly I learned that one of the maidservants was about to enter upon the duties of maternity without any official permission. She was instantly sent off, "of course."

The girls had all left the room, by degrees, as if expecting a disclosure; and I was left with Mrs. Johnson and her cousin. I asked what would become of the girl? "Ah! that is what I said to her!" cried Mrs. Johnson; but evidently she had said it more as a reproach than as an inquiry of interest—more for threat than help. The girl had obstinately refused to confess who the father was; "but I have my impressions," said Mrs. Johnson, in a tone that made me think of Master William's philosophy of "life." I suggested that probably the girl, suddenly dismissed, might come to the very worst fate. "Exactly what I told her," said the excellent matron, in the same tone as before. I pleaded that, however erring in the orthodox view, her condition might demand some compassionate aid.

"She is a worthless hussy, an impudent jade!" cried Miss Selby, suddenly bursting out in anger, whose flame exasperated rather than quenched itself in tears. "Now calm yourself, Sarah; let us say no more about it. These things are very distressing in families," continued Mrs. Johnson, turning to me, "and it has agitated Sarah a good deal." No thought for the poor wretch who was consigned to "the worst of fates;" it was lenient to ignore her; and the truly good ladies only deplored their own sorrows in being startled by the intrusion of rude nature into so well regulated a house.

After a decorous absence, the young ladies dropped in by degrees; Miss Selby dried her outraged feelings, and needlework resumed the placid hour.

I went to Stanhope's, and the transition from that quiet drawing-room to his studio was invigorating. One seemed to burst out of tame custom into the free life of art, counterpart of nature. Copies of Titian's breathing men-portraits, the fighting gladiator, a storm by Gaspar Poussin, pieces of armour, drapery thrown here and there, sketches of models, male and female, a gauntlet touched with rust and with the tints of the palette near it, a pair of foils cast down negligently on the throne, the Venus de' Medici rising from a mass of dark brocaded velvet, swords of various times and forms scattered in the corners, made up the background of a picture in which the two principal figures were the clerical Alfred Conway, sitting

for his picture, and Gaston de Foix in a dark velvet doublet, painting it—for, save a little more Roman cast of countenance, Stanhope looked exactly like a Gaston de Foix usurping the easel of Titian.

And finely he had painted his thoughtful friend. Finely, too, had he caught the wild life of the Campagna—of the Bocca di Cataro—of the Arabian desert—and of French Africa. But his pictures are not to be studied or described in haste.

Some time, while he painted, we talked, and naturally our discourse fell upon the scene where we had last met. I spoke freely; and was at once surprised and not surprised to find Conway defend where I attacked. It was not the first time that I, a vagabond, saw myself on the conservative side, while conforming Englishmen defended conduct subversive of the first principles of honour and faith. I attacked Elkanah Smith for remaining in the Church and practising Mussulman licences.

"Do not speak ill of Smith," said Conway: "he is a fine fellow—as liberal as his ruddy English countenance; open-handed, bold, learned, refined. No doubt he ought not to have been in the Church, but rather in the army. However, you know, there was a living in his family. And if you are to judge all clergymen by their intimate views, what havoc you might make in our ranks. I have walked by the side of a clergyman performing the funeral service, and satirizing the company in the intervals. I have dined with a reverend cook; with another whose cousin and mistress sat at the head of his table. But all these men performed the service creditably, and avoided the open scandals that get into the courts—too often. Smith is a fine fellow. And after all, what is the Church of England?"

We could not answer; but Conway supplied the answer himself: "It is a corporation of soothsayers."

I cannot tell you the jar which such a sentence caused in the Vagabond, coming, as it did, gravely and pleasantly over the white neckcloth of the English clergyman. I retorted with some severe strictures on the multitude of law-breakers, whom I divided into two classes of traitors; those who think the law which they break to be right, and sin for selfish gratification, impudently violating conscience, and impiously trusting to "forgiveness for a fallen nature"; and those who condemn the law they break, but outwardly conform, in selfish dread of the consequences that attend first rebellion. Let them stand forth, I said, and their numbers would be sufficient to make rebellion revolution. Already, from my short, confined view of English society, I see it.

"And the first man would be—destroyed," said Conway, in a harsh whisper, as if he felt the destruction upon him. "Nay, worse, they put our women and children before us. You tax us too hard, Tristan."

He rose to go, saying that he had already overstaid his time.

The sound of the door closing after him had scarcely ceased, ere another door opened, and a tall fine girl, her bonnet and shawl in her hand, stepped with an air of familiar command from behind one of the pictures which somewhat hid us from her. She stopped on seeing me: it was Margaret Johnson, beautiful, grave, majestically confronting surprise! She must have thought that Conway and I went away together.

"We can trust *him*," said Stanhope, kissing her hand. "Tristan, I will see you to-morrow. I did not expect to be interrupted; but you will forgive such an interruption."

I took my leave at once; a little protracting the farewell that I might well take in the full picture presented by that noble couple. I do assure you that the rough soldier-artist and the grocer's daughter formed a group that even a Giorgio and an Elena might not despise; only, Elena bella, Margaret is more like one of your adopted country than you are, sun-darkened Saxon!

But how little, I thought, as I went away, does gentle and stern Mrs. Johnson, so "proper" in aspect and demeanour, know into what wild world of art her daughter has escaped! Well, a noble soul, I believe, has burst its prison, and ventured upon the broad winds; and Stanhope is a grand fellow. But those poor Johnsons—mortals with a young Ceres in their house! A well-to-do grocer with an Olympian changeling amongst his daughters! Mashallah!

Doubly interrupted, I had forgotten to ask Edwardes for the very thing I went about; but I did not like to return, and thus I waited for a day. I shall go to-morrow. I went home straight to Edwardes's, feeling that I had done Yscult a wrong in forgetting for an instant what was even collaterally connected with her.

I found that Yscult was out; but I was told that a lady was waiting for me. As I entered the drawing-room the lady rose, and advanced towards me with an air more earnest and familiar than commonly pertained to Miss Selby; and yet it was she. My thought at once glanced toward Margaret, and I anticipated some inquiry about her; but I was mistaken.

Miss Selby sat silent for a time; then with uneasy efforts to get on, as if she would rather that I should make the requisite disclosure than herself, she hinted at something to be told—something that would surprise me; though such things would happen "in the best regulated families." In reply to my courteous acquiescences, she grew more specific, and at last let out the full fact—Miss Johnson, not secretly married, nor indeed married at all, was exactly under the same expectation as the poor maid-servant who had been discharged that morning—though Miss Selby, I must say, did not at all allude to that historical parallel, except in saying that "circumstances" had caused great agitation to Miss Johnson, and so she had made that disclosure which had agitated Miss Selby still more.

"And who," I asked, "is to be recorded, in this case, as the father?"

Poor Miss Selby blushed, and replied that that was not the least unpleasant part of the business, for the father was only a person in a very inferior position—indeed, only a shopman, a person in Mr. Johnson's shop. They had always regarded him as a person of very good principles, and he seemed a very well-disposed young man. Only now he was, naturally, very anxious, because *he might lose his situation*.

I saw that *he* could be of no help in the affair. We sat silent for a few minutes, the silence broken half way by an apology, on Miss Selby's part, for troubling me at all with such a matter; only, she said, circumstances had conspired to induce me to take an interest in the family; she felt, she did not know why, so much at home with me, and knew that she might trust me,—indeed, she knew no one else whom she could; and she so dreaded these things becoming known to Mr. Johnson; and as to the girl's mother, it would kill *her*. More silence.

"But Sophy is told, Sir, that there is one way out of her difficulty, which might remove it altogether; and—and—in fact, that was more especially what I came to consult you about."

"And what is that way, Miss Selby?"

She did not answer, except in broken hints, that she found great difficulty in telling me; she became paler than ever, and very agitated, and seemed almost as if she would faint. By help of my reassurances she recovered her voice, and then made many imperfect allusions, as if I understood what she would mean without my saying it. I really did not follow her. At last, she summoned a desperate courage, and said, "In fact, sir, what Sophy was told was that—the child need never be born."

"Good heaven! Miss Selby! Who has told her so?"

"I see you disapprove—I am almost sorry I mentioned it. And yet, in such a distressing case—and the person who told her *could* not mean anything but the best."

"[Mean the best!]"—how often that phrase is used to cover some cruel or base subterfuge!

"It was," continued Miss Selby, still much distressed, but speaking fast, as if to crowd "extenuating circumstances" upon me, "it was a very good and attached friend of hers, indeed, a clergyman's daughter. Yes, indeed it was; and a most excellent young woman too, and well brought up. And she says that it is not so uncommon. I assure you she would not speak untruth, and she declares that a physician told her that women in the best circles, who—in short, if they expect to be confined in 'the season' do not scruple; and they have no difficulty in finding a physician. And Miss —, I should say, the clergyman's daughter herself, knew instances not unlike Sophy's; and she says it is best 'not to permit a guest to come unbidden to the feast of nature when no cover is laid for him:' those were her very words. I am telling you truth," she said, misinterpreting my continued silence—"indeed I am; at such a moment *could* I forget the truth?"

"I am sure you are true, Miss Selby. But are you aware that what Miss Johnson has been advised to do is a *crime*—a crime against the laws of your country? And what is more, it is a crime not unfrequently punished—with transportation."

"Oh! do not say such things! How shocking. But surely a girl in Sophy's position, with the command of friends and means?"

"It is not the less a crime, dear lady, because Sophy's friends might be able to hush it up. Good God, to think that the conscience should be so depraved that detection alone and punishment are dreaded!"

My involuntary exclamation startled the listener: she was cast down by fear and shame.

Taking her hand, and venturing to reassure her by a certain stern frankness, I asked her how it was that she, whom I now found inviting my countenance to a crime, could have been so outraged at the fault of the poor servant girl? At first she looked at me with astonishment, and did not understand; for poor Miss Selby's head could never have been steady; and her faded life, her stunted faculties, have left her little beyond usage and her pocket-handkerchief to rely upon, and I was obliged to wait while the wings of her soul slowly unfolded themselves like a butterfly, damp and feeble from its chrysalis-shell.

At first she expressed nothing but wonder that I should be so different from what she expected, when I was virtually a "foreigner," and as they had all thought, "so free."

"So free?" I exclaimed; yes, God forbid that I should be in the bondage which brings women like you to— But we will not talk any more of that. 'Free!' Yes, I would not yield allegiance to law which supersedes conscience; which lets the trader cheat if he be not found out; which makes the statesman erect time-serving into a state-policy; and which punishes men and women for being men and women, and living like men and women—which makes love followed up by hate, and murder. No, Miss Selby, I am an outlaw to such laws, a vagabond; and I only wonder that you in England do not rise up against a code which forces you to such intolerable devices."

She looked at me with a face of surprise, strangely growing into a sort of terrified sympathy; and there was a long silence, which she herself broke. "I do not quite understand you," she said, "but I feel as if you were more right than I have been. Good bye!" She took my hand, and still retaining it, went on as if her thoughts were turned upon a new path—



"Poor Sophy! And yet, with all her trouble, all her perplexities—yes, I will say it—although her thoughts have been crimes, I am not so sure that hers is the worst life known in many a quiet home. Did you ever know what it is to have a life *wasted*?" She covered her face with her hands, and the poor, feeble, helpless Miss Selby, flushing with a sort of reckless anger, and relieving a long pent heart by its first outbreak, again looked up straight into my eyes, speaking resolutely, with clenched teeth, pale lips, and a hectic cheek: "Sophy has fallen, her thoughts are crimes, and yet that is not so bad as—to see others live, and *only* to see others. Have we had no life within us, no feeling? I tell you that the life within us, when it is stifled, can *kill*. Stop, sir—I must confess all. When I spoke this morning, harshly, bitterly, malignantly, of that poor wretched girl, wishing to ensure and to increase the injury to her, was it not because I, who have never dared to live, but have awaited a permission which never came—was it not because I *envied* her. Now, despise me if you like; but, O my God, forgive us all, for we are very miserable!"

Despise her! Do you suppose, Giorgio, that I did so; or that I did not peremptorily soothe down the hysterical eloquence of the poor lady. I detained her; reasoned with her; showed her, as I best could, where the real crime lay; encouraged her to abide by the laws higher than those of Parliament or man; undertook that poor Sophy should be taken off "on a visit," and that the unbidden guest should find a home such as the mother would not condemn; in all of which I counted on help from Mrs. Edwardes, whom I *felt* to be equal to any generous task, however difficult or hazardous, and ultimately, upon your permission, to let the little human being share our own home. To describe Miss Selby's gratitude might be possible; but to describe the wonderful change in the poor lady, from a helpless, downcast, colourless shred of humanity, to a breathing, hopeful, courageous woman, would be impossible. She was stirring, using her courage, living.

Again I remind you, that, in material deviations excepted, I am not telling you fiction, but *fact*. Go down any main street in London, and point your finger at any one of the houses, and you may be wrong if you say that *there* is a house of sin, of secret law-breaking, of conformity covering crime. But if you say of the whole, that amongst them will be found many a respectable family like the Johnsons, with more than one skeleton in it, then you will be unerringly right.

Whether all "society" is so, I do not know: I have as yet seen only sections; but they are various sections, far apart; and I have no reason to believe them bad specimens of their class.

## The Arts.

### SHAKSPEARE UND KEIN ENDE!

"SHAKSPEARE, and for ever Shakspeare!" is the title of an essay by old Father Goethe, as the Germans affectionately call him; and it really seems one never will hear the last of that "talented writer;" for if Charles Kean and "great American Tragedians" banish the "bard" from London, and render his "divine productions" insupportable to men, who, like the audience in the prologue to *Faust*, have not indeed been accustomed to see the best, but have nevertheless read a great deal too much—

Zwar sind sie an das Beste nicht gewohnt,  
Allein sie haben schrecklich viel gelesen—

If, I say, to men like these, Shakspeare's plays on the stage are not immensely amusing, what then? Shakspeare is in our blood: he "breaks out" in various places! If London won't delight in him just now (*et pour cause*!) Islington will. *Sadler's Wells* still flourishes upon his works. *Lear* attracts the Islingtonians, not to mention the denizens of Hackney, and Newington Butts; nay, even the inhabitants of the Strand, Pall Mall, Regent's Park, as far as Bayswater, take heroic resolutions, and journey to *Sadler's Wells* to see how Phelps has disciplined his troupe.

Not only there does the Shakspearian humour break out. The Provinces—as you saw some weeks ago—are also occasionally great in this way. And now, a correspondent from Bonn writes to tell me of an English Company starring it in the Rhenish Provinces! They played *Macbeth* the other night in Bonn. "Would I had been there. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me!" A German company playing *Hamlet* in London, and an English company playing *Macbeth* in Bonn, "must give us pause." This is what Kossuth would call the *solidarity of Peoples*! Unhappily, my informant does not tell me the names of these wandering stars. Who plays *Macbeth*? Is it Mr. John Cooper, T.R.D.L.? Is Binge the *Banquo*, and Diddiear, the *Macduff*? One would like to know, in order sympathetically to appreciate the enjoyment of the Germans: "a nation of critics, and of thinkers, sir!" In common justice—*lex talionis*—as Germany sent over Emil Devrient to us, we ought to have sent Charles Kean to them!

*Apropos*, Charles Kean opens the *Princess's Theatre* to-night—and with delicate consideration, which a generous public ought to appreciate—does not open with *King John* or *Macbeth*, or any other more ambitious work than the *Corsican Brothers*, in which he is excellent. Walter Lacy, who has gone to the *Princess's* to replace Wigan, will have a severe task of it, for he plays in three pieces. A young lady, who has only played in private, makes her *début* with Walter Lacy. But where is Bourcicault?

VIVIAN.

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IF I wished to associate with any individual brewery my remarks on the alleged adulteration of bitter beer with strychnine, it would have been only natural to have mentioned another brewery, in which alone, and not in Mr. Allsopp's, I was engaged in investigating the Burton mode of brewing, and it was also in that brewery, and not in Mr. Allsopp's, that the Bavarian brewers required all the instructions they obtained—at Burton. The admiration I expressed of this beverage, in my letter to Mr. Allsopp, is advertised in such a manner as to lead to the inference that my praise was exclusively confined to Mr. Allsopp's beer; this was not the case; my remarks referred to that class of beer.

JUSTUS LIEBIG.

Giessen, July 24, 1852.

N.B. The Baron's original letter is in the hands of Mr. Miller, at the Jerusalem Coffee-house, Cornhill, where it may be seen by any one taking an interest in the matter.

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**THE WEEKLY STANDARD.**—The Proprietor of the "CATHOLIC STANDARD" begs leave to announce that for reasons that shall be fully explained in the columns of that journal—it is his intention to change its Name, and that on and after the 2nd of October next, it will be called the "WEEKLY STANDARD." The Principles of the Paper will undergo NO CHANGE WHATSOEVER.

The "WEEKLY STANDARD" (price 6d.) will be published as usual, at the Office, 3, Brydges Street, Strand, London, and may be also had of all Newsmen. There is a Country Edition published every Friday, in time for transmission by that night's mail. The Town Edition is published on Saturday afternoon.

N.B. The "WEEKLY (CATHOLIC) STANDARD" is the only Newspaper devoted to the maintenance of Catholic principles now published in England.

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